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Longfellow's Miles Standish and Minor Poems.
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Shakespeare's Macbeth (Tudor).
Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream.
Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream (Tudor).
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Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice (Tudor).
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Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet (Tudor)
Shakespeare's The Tempest.
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Tennyson's Shorter Poems.
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Thackeray's Henry Esmond.
Thoreau's Walden.
Virgil's Æneid.
Washington's Farewell Address, and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.
Whittier's Snow-Bound and Other Early Poems.
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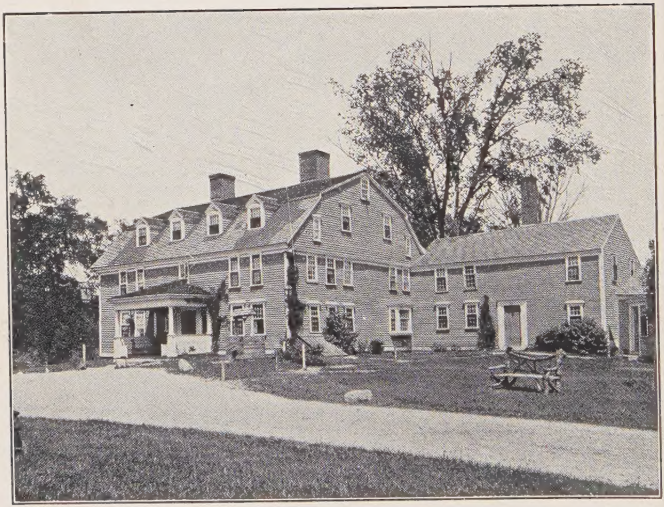

THE WAYSIDE INN

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES,

BY

J. H. CASTLEMAN, A.M. (INDIANA)
TEACHER OF ENGLISH IN THE MCKINLEY HIGH SCHOOL
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

A student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known,
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
— PRELUDE, *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

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INTRODUCTION

A SKETCH OF LONGFELLOW

Birth and Ancestry. — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's most popular poet, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He was the second son of Stephen Longfellow, a prominent lawyer of Portland, and his wife, Zilpah Wadsworth, a woman of strong sensibilities and a great lover of music and poetry.

His ancestors were of stanch Puritan stock. On his father's side he was a descendant of William Longfellow, who came to America from Yorkshire, England, in 1651; and on his mother's side of John and Priscilla Alden, who were among the *Mayflower* passengers, and whose names he afterward made famous in *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

School Days. — Longfellow's youth, like that of most American boys, was spent in study and play.

He attended the Portland city schools for a number of years, after which he entered the Portland Academy to prepare himself for college. In 1821, in company with his elder brother, Stephen, he matriculated at Bowdoin, the youngest member of his class.

His career at Bowdoin was a notable one. While there he was associated with such young men as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Franklin Pierce, John S. C. Abbott, and George B. Cheever, among whom he took high rank in scholarship and popularity. He is described by one of his classmates as having at that time a slight, erect figure and an intelligent expression of countenance, and by one of his instructors as an attractive youth, with auburn locks, clear, fresh, blooming complexion, and, as might be expected, of well-bred manners and bearing.

Early Verse. — While in college Longfellow experimented much with poetry, and from time to time published poems in the *United States Literary Gazette* which were widely copied. These productions, although possessing no considerable merit in themselves, showed glimpses of poetic excellence which marked him as a promising writer. There was in them much of that simplicity of expression and sweetness of language and imagery which in later

years were to be leading characteristics of his verse In the autumn of 1824 he was called upon to read a poem before the Peucinian Literary Society of the college, and the next summer was graduated with honors, standing second in a class of thirty-seven.

Professor at Bowdoin. Outre Mer. — After taking his degree Longfellow began the study of law in his father's office; but in 1826 was elected to the Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin, — a position which he gladly accepted. In order to fit himself for the place he sailed for Europe, where he remained for three years, visiting France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, and studying their languages and literatures. He returned in 1829 and entered at once upon his duties.

His years at Bowdoin were busy ones. Besides acting as an instructor, he prepared elementary textbooks for his classes in French and Spanish, translated many sonnets and other short poems from various European languages, and wrote for the *North American Review* and the *New England Magazine*. In 1835 he published his first important work, *Outre Mer*. It is in prose and not unlike Irving's *Sketch-Book* in form, being a series of tales that have to do with the life and legends of the Continent. George William

Curtis, in commenting on it, says, " In this earliest book of Longfellow's the notable points are not power of invention, or vigorous creation, or profound thought, but a mellowness of observation, instinctively selecting the picturesque and characteristic details, a copious and rich scholarship, and the indefinable grace of the imagination which announces genius."

Professor at Harvard. Literary Works, 1839-1842. — The publication of *Outre Mer* brought Longfellow before the world as a recognized writer. This, added to his rising fame as a translator, led to his appointment as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard to succeed Professor George Ticknor, who had resigned. Before taking up his new duties he again went to Europe, this time to study the Scandinavian languages. After an absence of two years, he returned in November, 1836, and began his work at Cambridge the following month. He at once became a favorite with the students, who respected him for his deep learning and courteous manners. As an instructor he was clear, patient, and encouraging, as well as scrupulously faithful to the tasks that fell to him.

But his professional duties did not turn him aside from his pursuit of literature. In 1839 he published a romance entitled *Hyperion* and his first volume of

poems, *Voices of the Night;* and two years later added another book of verse, *Ballads and Other Poems.* These productions were welcomed with great enthusiasm, critics and public alike pronouncing them of the highest merit. The volumes of verse, including such favorite selections as Excelsior, A Psalm of Life, The Village Blacksmith, The Rainy Day, Maidenhood, and The Wreck of the Hesperus, were especially well received, being read with delight by thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic. Translations were made of them into many languages, and the poet was honored far and near.

In 1842 he asked for leave of absence, owing to ill health, and again visited Europe, spending several months in Germany, and returning late in the year. On his way home he composed his *Poems on Slavery,* which appeared at once, but which did little to increase his fame.

Literary Works, 1843-1854. — Longfellow next turned his attention to drama, and in 1843 brought out *The Spanish Student,* a three-act comedy. The work was eagerly read, thousands of copies of it being sold within a few weeks after its publication. But while it possessed much merit, it was recognized as having one vital weakness, — a lack of skill in character

portrayal. Edwin P. Whipple, in a criticism upon it, said: "In it the affluence of Longfellow's imagination in images of grace, grandeur, and beauty is most strikingly manifested. The objection to it as a play is a lack of power in the dramatic exhibition of character; but read merely as a poem cast in the form of dialogue it is one of the most beautiful in American literature. None of his other pieces so well illustrates all his poetical qualities, — his imagination, his fancy, his sentiment, and his manner. It seems to comprehend the whole extent of his genius."

Other works followed in rapid succession. *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*, containing such pieces as The Bridge, The Day is Done, The Old Clock on the Stairs, The Arsenal at Springfield, and the Arrow and the Song, appeared in 1846; *Evangeline*, a story based on the expulsion of the Acadians by the English, in 1847; *Kavanagh*, a prose tale of New England life and manners, in 1849; *The Seaside and Fireside*, a collection of poems including The Building of the Ship, Resignation, The Builders, and other favorites in 1850; and *The Golden Legend*, a song of mediæval life in its aspects of religion and monasticism, in 1851. Everywhere they were greeted with delight. *Evangeline*, especially, appealed to the feelings of the civi-

lized world. A British critic, speaking of it, said: "It is one of the most pathetic and beautiful poetical narrations which has ever enriched our language. The pastoral scenes are lifelike daguerreotypes; there is an originality about the story of the lovers, and an appropriate solemnity of language throughout the whole piece, which, added to the beautiful descriptions which lie scattered among its pages, render it a truly fascinating if not enchanting poem."

Resignation of Professorship. Literary Works, 1855-1868. — In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard to devote his whole time to literature, and the following year published *The Song of Hiawatha*, a poem dealing with the legends of the Ojibway Indians. Its theme had long been a popular one, but never before had it been handled with such charm and adroitness as now. Many critics pronounced it his greatest work, and innumerable reviews were written in praise of it. "Longfellow is the most accomplished poet of the day," said the *London Illustrated Times*, "and *Hiawatha* is unquestionably his ablest work. Every scene the Indian hero traverses is a breathing landscape, every adventure he meets with is a capital story." The *London Athenæum* said of it: "The tale itself is beautiful, fanciful

and new. . . . Longfellow has produced in an imaginary memoir of the hero, Hiawatha, a picture of Indian life as it exists in the forest and by the river, full of light and color, repose and action. In a word, the story of Hiawatha is the poet's most original production."

The Courtship of Miles Standish, a story of Puritan life and love, appeared next, in 1858; followed by the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, contained in this text, in 1863; *Flower-de-Luce*, a collection of short poems, in 1866; and *The New England Tragedies*, treating of scenes in early colonial times, in 1868. Of these four works the first two were at once placed among the classics of America, while the last two were put aside as comparative failures. Both *The Courtship of Miles Standish* and the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* were made the subject of many criticisms. As George William Curtis finished reading the latter, he wrote, " So ends this ripe and mellow work, leaving the reader like one who listens still for pleasant music i' the air which sounds no more. Those who will may compare it with the rippling strangeness of *Hiawatha*, the mournfully rolling cadence of *Evangeline*, the mediæval romance of *The Golden Legend*. For ourselves its beauty does not clash with theirs. The simple old

form of the group of guests telling stories, the thread of so many precious rosaries, has a new charm from this poem."

Honors in Europe. Later Literary Works. — In 1868–1869 Longfellow revisited Europe, where he was received with marked distinction. In England, especially, he was greeted as America's greatest literary representative, and was honored with the degrees of L.L.D. from Cambridge, and D.C.L. from Oxford. He travelled upon the Continent after leaving England, and returned to the United States by the way of Scotland after an absence of a year and a half.

Upon his return he set to work with renewed vigor. In 1870 he published a translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, followed in 1871 by *The Divine Tragedy*, a poem on the life and suffering of the Christ; in 1872 by *Three Books of Song;* in 1874 by *Aftermath*, and in 1875 by *The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems*, containing the beautiful selections, The Hanging of the Crane and Morituri Salutamus.

Last Literary Works. Death. — But the poet's long career was drawing to a close. In 1878 he published *Keramos and Other Poems*, and two years later his last work, *Ultima Thule*. In October, 1881, he fell a victim to nervous prostration, which stopped all

further literary efforts, and in the spring of the next year succumbed to an attack of peritonitis after a brief illness. He died on March 24 and was buried at Cambridge. Shortly after his death a small volume of his verse was collected and published under the title of *In the Harbor*.

APPRECIATIONS

" Of all our poets, Longfellow best deserves the title of artist. He has studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. This tact in the use of language is probably the chief cause of his success. There is an aptitude, a gracefulness, and vivid beauty, in many of his stanzas, which at once impress the memory and win the ear and heart." — R. W. Griswold, *Poets and Poetry of America*.

" We shall only say that Longfellow is the most popular of American poets, and that this popularity may safely be assumed to contain in itself the elements of permanence, since it has been fairly earned without any of that subservience to the baser tastes of the public which characterizes the quack of letters. His

are laurels honorably gained and gently worn. Without comparing him with others, it is enough if we declare our conviction that he has composed poems which will live as long as the language in which they are written." — James Russell Lowell, *North American Review* for July, 1849.

" We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr. Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishment and research, and devotion to his high calling, can hardly be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention, for in them we are certain to meet with great beauty of thought and very elegant diction." — *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, 1852.

" Nothing can exceed the exquisite beauty of some of his smaller pieces, while they also abound in that richness of expression and imagery which the Romantic muse is supposed to claim as her more especial attribute. The melody of his versification is very remarkable; some of his stanzas sound with the richest and sweetest music of which language is capable. It is unnecessary to illustrate this remark by quotations: the memories of all readers of poetry involuntarily retain them. In the range of American poetry, it would not be easy to find any that is so readily re-

membered, that has sunk so deeply into the hearts of the people, and that so spontaneously rises to the speaker's tongue in the pulpit and the lecture-room." — Professor C. C. Felton, *North American Review* for July, 1842.

"In the point of refined tenderness and pathos Longfellow stands preëminent; few poets have equalled him in this department of the divine art. His sympathies are deep and unbounded. In this respect he is the poet of the people. If he builds gothic temples for others to inhabit, the warmer impulses of his heart lead him to choose a place by the 'Fireside' of the humble cottage, or the bed of the afflicted, where he delights to tarry, and read a moral to the rustic dwellers, from the 'forever, never' of the 'Old Clock on the Stairs'; sing a 'Psalm of Life'; point to the 'Footsteps of Angels'; and talk of 'Resignation' until the eyes of faith can catch a glimpse of the distant 'Sunrise on the Hills' of a brighter and better world. His tenderness is not the result of mere external sympathy. He looks at the springs of action, and fathoms the deep fountains of feeling; and with a refinement removed from vulgar impulse, claims a share in all the suffering endured by true worth in neglect, or crushed under accumulated

burdens. With such he weeps in hearty sympathy, and at the same time cheers with words of affectionate regard, which bring back energy and hope; or if the hour of expectation is past, he nerves the sufferer to 'endure what time cannot abate.'" — Rev. Sidney Dyer, *Christian Review* for January, 1859.

"Longfellow's verse occupies a position halfway between the poetry of actual life and the poetry of transcendentalism. He idealizes real life; he elicits new meaning from any of its rough shows; he clothes subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery; he embodies high moral sentiment in beautiful and ennobling forms; he inweaves the golden threads of spiritual being into the texture of common existence; he discerns and addresses some of the finest sympathies of the heart; but he rarely soars into those regions of abstract imagination, where the bodily eye cannot follow, but where that of the seer is gifted with a 'pervading vision.' Though he fixes a keen glance on those filmy and fleeting shades of thought and feeling which common minds overlook, or are incompetent to grasp, he has his eye open a little wider, perhaps, when its gaze is directed to the outward world, than when it is turned within. His imagination, in the sphere of its activity, is almost perfect

in its power to shape in visible forms, or to suggest, by cunning verbal combinations, the feeling or thought he desires to express; but it lacks the strength and daring, the wide, magnificent sweep, which characterize the imagination of such poets as Shelley. He had little of the unrest and frenzy of the bard. We know, in reading him, that he will never miss his mark; that he will risk nothing; that he will aim to do only what he feels he can do well. An air of repose, of quiet power, is around his compositions. He rarely loses sight of common interests and sympathies. He displays none of the stinging earnestness, the vehement sensibility, the gusts of passion, which distinguish poets of the impulsive class. His spiritualism is not seen in wild struggles after an ineffable Something, for which earth can afford but imperfect symbols, and of which even abstract words can suggest little knowledge. He appears perfectly satisfied with his work. Like his own 'Village Blacksmith,' he retires every night with the feeling that something has been attempted and something done." — EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, *Essays and Reviews.*

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF WORKS

VERSE

Voices of the Night, 1839.
Ballads and Other Poems, 1841.
Poems on Slavery, 1842.
The Spanish Student, 1843.
The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems, 1846.
Evangeline, 1847.
The Seaside and Fireside, 1850.
The Golden Legend, 1851.
The Song of Hiawatha, 1855.
The Courtship of Miles Standish, 1858.
Tales of a Wayside Inn, 1863.
Flower-de-Luce, 1867.
The New England Tragedies, 1868.
Dante's Divine Comedy (a translation), 1867-1870
The Divine Tragedy, 1873.
Christus: a Mystery, 1872.
Three Books of Song, 1872.
Aftermath, 1874.

The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems, 1875.
Keramos and Other Poems, 1878.
Ultima Thule, 1880.
In the Harbor, 1882.

PROSE

Outre Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea, 1835.
Hyperion, a Romance, 1839.
Kavanagh, a Tale, 1849.

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878).
Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882).
Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864).
John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892).
Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894).
James Russell Lowell (1819–1891).
Walt Whitman (1819–1892).

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881).
Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859).
Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861).
Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892).
William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863).
Robert Browning (1812–1889).

Charles Dickens (1812–1870).
George Eliot (1819–1880).
John Ruskin (1819–1900).
Matthew Arnold (1822–1888).

BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

The following lists of biography and criticism are by no means exhaustive. Hundreds of articles on Longfellow have been published, many of them of merit. It is the object here to suggest a few of the best.

Biography. — *Life and Memoirs* (3 vols.), by Samuel Longfellow; *Life,* by T. W. Higginson in American Men of Letters Series; *Life,* by E. S. Robertson, in Great Writers Series; *Life,* by G. R. Carpenter; *Life,* by George L. Austin; *Life,* by W. S. Kennedy.

Criticism. — Barrett Wendell, *Literary History of America;* R. H. Stoddard, *Homes and Haunts of our Elder Poets;* H. E. Scudder, *Men and Letters;* E. C. Stedman, *Poets of America;* W. E. Henley, *Views and Reviews;* C. F. Richardson, *American Literature;* E. P. Whipple, *Essays and Reviews;* H. T. Griswold, *Home Life of Great Authors;* G. W. Curtis, *Homes of American Authors.*

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Plan. — The plan of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* — that of bringing together a number of persons who while away their idle hours in story-telling — is an expedient frequently employed in literature. As long ago as the fourteenth century Boccaccio used it in his *Decameron*, and since then many prominent authors have copied after him. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales;* Tennyson, in his *Princess;* and Irving, in his *Tales of a Traveller*, are familiar examples.

That the expedient is a natural and convenient one goes without comment, and Longfellow's choice of it was a happy one. Not only did it give him an opportunity to display his great power of narrative, but it offered him a chance to show his exceptional skill in the handling of metres as well. From the simple, swift-moving ballad form of Paul Revere's Ride, through the great variety of measures — heroic, elegiac, lyrical — of the Saga of King Olaf, to the stately rhythm of King Robert of Sicily, he ran through almost the whole gamut known to English literature. " In short," as one critic aptly remarks, " in these tales the poet felt himself in his element: the music rolls

true and perfect, and with the power of all the pedals and stops at the musician's command."

Sources. — Longfellow went to many sources for the plots of his stories. Paul Revere's Ride is based on an incident which occurred at the beginning of the American Revolution; The Falcon of Ser Federigo is a paraphrase of Boccaccio's Ser Federigo and his Falcon, found in the Decameron; The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi is adapted from the Talmud; King Robert of Sicily is founded on an Italian legend of the mediæval church; The Saga of King Olaf is drawn from the old Scandinavian Eddas; and Torquemada is a poetical version of a Spanish tragedy of the days of the Inquisition. The Birds of Killingworth alone is a creation of the poet.

Scene. — The place where these stories are reputed to have been told was at the old Red Horse Inn, located in the village of Sudbury, twenty miles west of Boston. The building had been erected for a country residence about two hundred years before, by an Englishman named Howe, and had always remained in his family. His descendants, however, having lost their fortune, converted it into a tavern which soon became a popular resort. It is described as a large, irregular building with hipped roof and tall chimneys, surrounded by venerable trees. Within were the open fireplaces,

with their inviting glow; candles took the place of gas or electricity, old-fashioned furniture filled the rooms; and the long tables groaned beneath the loads of wholesome food cooked according to long-cherished recipes.

Characters. — According to Longfellow's own statement, all of the characters represented as taking part in the story-telling were real, most of them being well known to him. Three or four of them were in the habit of meeting from time to time at the Inn, — a thing which must have suggested the location of the scene, if not the plan of the work itself, — and to these he added others to make the group more complete and diversified. The innkeeper was Lyman Howe, the last of his family to occupy the old tavern, which was closed soon after his death in 1861; the Sicilian was Professor Luigi Monti, an author and lecturer of considerable note and a close friend of the poet; the student was Henry W. Wales; the musician was Ole Bornemann Bull, a noted Norwegian violinist and composer, who visited America several times between 1843 and 1880; the poet was Thomas William Parsons, best known to scholars for his translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy;* the merchant was Israel Edrehi, a Boston Oriental dealer; and the theologian was Professor Daniel Treadwell of Harvard.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

°PRELUDE

THE WAYSIDE INN

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
°When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old °Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and °crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.
A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,

Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and °gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
°The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din

Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low;
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great °Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood;
And ever and anon he bent

His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen, till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought, —
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends, entranced
With the delicious melodies;
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down,
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,
And, though of different lands and speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please.
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;
Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
°Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed;
He beareth °gules upon his shield,
A °chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's heads, and for the crest
A °Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, "°By the name of Howe."
And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore,
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known,

And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced,
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and °sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold °bedight,
Great volumes °garmented in white,
Recalling °Florence, Pisa, Rome.
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter °hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
°And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
°Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of °Charlemagne,
Of °Merlin and the °Mort d'Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of °Flores and °Blanchefleur,

°Sir Ferumbras, °Sir Eglamour,
°Sir Launcelot, °Sir Morgadour,
°Sir Guy, °Sir Bevis, °Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there; —
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And, being rebellious to his liege,
After °Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good °King Bomba's happy reign
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white
As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,
Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the °Immortal Four

Of Italy; and next to those,
°The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous °Tuscan tales
Of the °Decameron, that make
°Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
Much too of music was his thought;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily;
And much it pleased him to peruse
°The songs of the Sicilian muse, —
°Bucolic songs by °Meli sung
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, "Behold! once more
The pitying gods to earth restore
°Theocritus of Syracuse!"

A Spanish Jew from °Alicant
With aspect grand and grave was there;
Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the °Levant.
Like an old °Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least

Some later Prophet or High-Priest;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.
His garments breathed a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the °Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of °Celebes.
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,
And it was rumored he could say
°The parables of Sandabar,
And all °the Fables of Pilpay,
Or if not all, the greater part!
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
°Talmud and °Targum, and the lore
Of °Kabala; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn °sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, °from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there;
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

A poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
°For music in some neighboring street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze
°The laurels of Miltiades.
Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
°The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song;
Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The °Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,

The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
Like °Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in °Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in °Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast:
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name, —
°"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear

Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased; the applause was loud,
The pleased musician smiled and bowed;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed; then began
A clamor for the Landlord's tale, —
The story promised them of old,
They said, but always left untold;
And he, although a bashful man,
And all his courage seemed to fail,
Finding excuse of no avail,
Yielded; and thus the story ran.

°THE LANDLORD'S TALE

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the °North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every °Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the °Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the °grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down

A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,

And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the °Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into °Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
°Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to °the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

INTERLUDE

The Landlord ended thus his tale,
Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim with dust,
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
And said, "This sword was in the fight."
The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
"It is the sword of a good knight,
Though homespun was his coat-of-mail;
What matter if it be not named
°Joyeuse, °Colada, °Durindale,
°Excalibar, or °Aroundight,
Or other name the books record?
Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and everywhere,
To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands

With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head °an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew red
As his °escutcheon on the wall;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.

And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,
The Student said, with careless ease,
"The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high °emprise, I sing!
Thus °Ariosto says, in words
That have the stately stride and ring
Of armed knights and clashing swords.
Now listen to the tale I bring;
Listen! though not to me belong

The flowing draperies of his song,
The words that rouse, the voice that charms.
The Landlord's tale was one of arms,
Only a tale of love is mine,
Blending the human and divine,
A tale of the Decameron, told
In °Palmieri's garden old,
By °Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And wild birds gossiping overhead,
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,
And her own voice more sweet than all,
Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
Perchance may lose its power to please."

°THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

One summer morning, when the sun was hot,
Weary with labor in his garden-plot,
On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,
Hung its delicious clusters overhead.
Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed
The river °Arno, like a winding road,
And from its banks were lifted high in air
The spires and roofs of °Florence called the Fair;
To him a marble tomb, that rose above
His wasted fortunes and his buried love.
For there, in banquet and in tournament,
His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent,
To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,
°Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
To this small farm, the last of his domain,
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear;
His only forester and only guest
His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,
Whose willing hands had found so light of yore
The brazen knocker of his palace door,
Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,
That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.
Companion of his solitary ways,
°Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
On him this melancholy man bestowed
The love with which his nature overflowed.
And so the empty-handed years went round,
Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,
And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused
With folded, patient hands, as he was used,
And dreamily before his half-closed sight
Floated the vision of his lost delight.
Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird
Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard
The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare
The headlong plunge thro' eddying gulfs of air,
Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,

°Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church,
And, looking at his master, seemed to say,
"Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase;
The tender vision of her lovely face,
I will not say he seems to see, he sees
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,
Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,
Coming undaunted up the garden walk,
And looking not at him, but at the hawk.
"Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would that I
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee fly!"
The voice was hers, and made strange echoes start
Through all the haunted chambers of his heart,
As an °æolian harp through gusty doors
Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said,
His hand laid softly on that shining head.
"Monna Giovanna. — Will you let me stay
A little while, and with your falcon play?
We live there, just beyond your garden wall,
In the great house behind the poplars tall."

So he spake on; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the golden gleams
And shadows of the misty sea of dreams,
As mariners becalmed through vapors drift,
And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift,
And hear far off the mournful breakers roar,
And voices calling faintly from the shore!
Then, waking from his pleasant reveries,
He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant bird,
Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,
Had come with friends to pass the summer time
In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,
O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still;
With iron gates, that opened through long lines
Of °sacred ilex and °centennial pines,
And °terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone,
And °sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,
And fountains °palpitating in the heat,
And all °Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet.
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,

The lovely lady whiled the hours away,
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among all,
And seeing more and more, with secret joy,
Her husband risen and living in her boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned again,
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,
Stormed down the terraces from length to length;
The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit,
And climbed the garden trellises for fruit.
But his chief pastime was to watch the flight
Of a °gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some distant call;
And as he gazed full often wondered he
Who might the master of the falcon be,
Until that happy morning, when he found
Master and falcon in the cottage ground.
And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a °passing-bell
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious room
With secret awe, and °preternatural gloom;
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
Pined with mysterious malady away.

The mother's heart would not be comforted;
Her darling seemed to her already dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
"What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.
At first the silent lips made no reply,
But, moved at length by her °importunate cry,
"Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,
"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"

No answer could the astonished mother make;
How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake,
Such favor at a luckless lover's hand,
Well knowing that to ask was to command?
Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the best,
The master's pride and passion and delight,
And the sole °pursuivant of this poor knight.
But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less
Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,
So promised, and then promising to keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,

That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen
Of dewy sunshine showering down between.
The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace
Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face;
Her dark eyes moistened with °the mists that roll
From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul;
The other with her hood thrown back, her hair
Making a golden glory in the air,
Her cheeks suffused with an °auroral blush,
Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.
So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,
Each by the other's presence lovelier made,
Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,
Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;
And when he looked and these fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified;

°His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But °the Euphrates watering Paradise!

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,
And with fair words of salutation said:
"Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor amends
For past unkindness. I who ne'er before
Would even cross the threshold of your door,
I who in happier days such pride maintained,
Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,
This morning come, a self-invited guest,
To put your generous nature to the test,
And breakfast with you under your own vine."
To which he answered: "Poor desert of mine,
Not your unkindness call it, for if aught
Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs
All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,
Among the dahlias in the garden walk

He left his guests; and to his cottage turned,
And as he entered for a moment yearned
For the lost splendors of the days of old,
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,
By want embittered and intensified.
He looked about him for some means or way
To keep this unexpected holiday;
Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,
Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain;
"The °Signor did not hunt to-day," she said,
"There's nothing in the house but wine and bread."
Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook
His little bells, with that sagacious look,
Which said, as plain as language to the ear,
"If anything is wanting, I am here!"
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird!
The master seized thee without further word,
Like thine own °lure, he whirled thee around; ah me!
The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the °jesses, the bright scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,
All these forevermore are ended now;
No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,
Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,
Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,
The fragrant peach, the juicy °bergamot;
Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,
And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.
Ser Federigo, would not these suffice
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame
With her companion to the cottage came,
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
The wild enchantment of a magic spell;
The room they entered, mean and low and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall,
With °fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
Flavor was given to his country wine,
And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,
A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose
And passed again into the °garden-close.

Then said the lady, "Far too well I know,
Remembering still the days of long ago,
Though you betray it not, with what surprise
You see me here in this familiar wise.
You have no children, and you cannot guess
What anguish, what unspeakable distress
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,
Nor how her heart anticipates his will.
And yet for this, you see me lay aside
All womanly reserve and check of pride,
And ask the thing most precious in your sight,
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight,
Which if you find it in your heart to give,
My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Sir Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.
But thinking in what manner I could best
Do honor to the presence of my guest,
I deemed that nothing worthier could be
Than what most dear and precious was to me,

And so my gallant falcon breathed his last
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make,
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,
That nothing she could ask for was denied;
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate
With footstep slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell
Tolled from the little chapel in the dell;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,
Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!"
Three months went by; and lo! a merrier chime
Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time;
The cottage was deserted, and no more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door.
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,

Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,
High-perched upon the back of which there stood
The image of a falcon carved in wood,
And underneath the inscription, with a date,
"All things come round to him who will but wait."

INTERLUDE

Soon as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise;
And then the voice of blame found vent,
And fanned the embers of dissent
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;
"These old Italian tales," he said,
"From the much-praised Decameron down
Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighborhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied,
"For the white lily, many thanks!

One should not say, with too much pride,
Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That °from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakspeare drew
His °Moor of Venice and the °Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause; till some one said,
"An Angel is flying overhead!"
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,
And murmured with an inward breath:
"God grant, if what you say is true
It may not be the Angel of Death!"

And then another pause; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again:
"This brings back to my memory
A story in the °Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of gold,
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,
And never wearies nor grows old."

°THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant with mortal eye
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"
The angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.
Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One,
See what the son of Levi here has done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go hence!"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?

Let him remain; for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."
Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,
"Give back the sword, and let me go my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!
Anguish enough already has it caused
Among the sons of men." And while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

INTERLUDE

He ended: and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious chords,
That vibrate in each human breast
Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful °adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and vast.
They almost feared to look, lest there,
Embodied from the °impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand.
At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian: "While you spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke

The thought of one, now gone from us, —
An old °Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, if I remember, thus."

°THE SICILIAN'S TALE

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

°Robert of Sicily, brother of °Pope Urbane
And °Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On °St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the °Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "° *Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such °seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And °imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their °stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"

The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and °besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each °seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the °dais sat another king,

Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine °effulgence filled the air,
°An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear °the bells and scalloped cape,
And for °thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my °henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old °Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast

°Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
°The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,

And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and °housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the °menials, in mock state,
Upon a °piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on °Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,

Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the °Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heaven-
ward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto °Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within °Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the °Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face

A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE

And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A °Saga of the days of old.
"There is," said he, "a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of °Norroway, —
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By °wandering Saga-man or Scald;
°Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate °runes,
And held the mind in perfect mood,

Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,
And keep the loosened stones in place.

°THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

I

°THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God °Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;

This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

°Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
O °Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

II

°KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into °Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,

Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and morasses,
To the home of °Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back
Of °Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,
°And a hurried flight by sea;
Of grim Vikings, and their rapture
In the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Esthonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, "We should know each other;
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!"

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honors, young in age,
  Chief of all her men-at-arms;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,
  Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
  And to Scilly's rocky shore;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites baptismal,
  In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife
Glimmered through his lurid life,
  As the stars' intenser light
Through the red flames o'er him trailing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing,
  Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
  Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,

Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the °Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown

Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

III

°THORA OF RIMOL

"THORA of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide me!
For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through °thorp and town!"
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come near thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty."
Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker,

As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into °Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!"
Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave.
Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay thee!
For all the king's gold I will never betray thee!"
"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,
And then again black as the earth?" said the Earl.
More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall started, saying,
"Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!"
And Hakon answered, "Beware of the king!
He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring."
At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,
But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered;
The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife,
And the Earl awakened no more in this life.
But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At °Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging;
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,
And the people are shouting from windows and walls;
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV

°QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

QUEEN Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft
In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay
Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
°Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be
told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: "O
King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "O speak not of Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said, —
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V

°THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms
Gathered at the Eve of Easter;
To his house at °Angvalds-ness

Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.
Loudly through the wide-flung door
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the °Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!

"For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called
The Unappalled!

Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

"I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,"
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still
Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of °warlocks blue,
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of splendor!
In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the °Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
They groped and stared
Round about with steps unsteady;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,
"Who are these strange people?" said he.

"Eyvind Kellda and his men!"
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;
While the men-at-arms apace

Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the king again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on; —
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,"

Cried King Olaf: "it will cheer me!"
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
"The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

VI

°THE WRAITH OF ODIN

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,
King Olaf feasted late and long;
The hoary Scalds together sang;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale!
Come warm thee with this cup of ale."
The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid;
Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er
The King demanded yet one more;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
"'Tis late, O King, and time for bed."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger guest
Followed and entered with the rest;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The °Havamal of Odin old,

With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes
Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech?"
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
"Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep!
Night wanes, O King! 'tis time for sleep!"
Then slept the King, and when he woke
The guest was gone, the morning broke.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred,
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no footprint in the grass,

And none had seen the stranger pass.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said:
"I know that Odin the Great is dead;
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

VII

°IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the °Hus-Ting held at °Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in °Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earls:
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

°Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its watercresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of °Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, with an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring;
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command
This land to be a Christian land;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in,
And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water!"

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

VIII

° GUDRUN

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the °cairn are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this!
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above thy head?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

" 'Tis the °bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor;
'Tis nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair!
Gudrun beware!"

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn;
And forever sundered ride
Bridegroom and bride!

IX

°THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

Short of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
"Look!" they said,
With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like °Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,

Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the °wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this °malecontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
Is it to be wondered at,

That they quarrelled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in °Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered: "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every Scald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in °shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;

With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main,
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mould!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O, King Olaf! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X

°RAUD THE STRONG

"ALL the old gods are dead,
All the wild warlocks fled;

But the White Christ lives and reigns,
And throughout my wide domains
His Gospel shall be spread!"
On the Evangelists
Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night
Beheld he the crimson light,
And heard the voice that defied
Him who was crucified,
And challenged him to the fight.
To Sigurd the Bishop
King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
"The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the °Jarls and Thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread."
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the °Salten Fiord,
By rapine, fire, and sword,
Lives the °Viking, Raud the Strong;

All the °Godoe Isles belong
To him and his heathen horde."
Thus went on speaking
Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he,
And lord of the wind and the sea;
And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favoring gales,
By his craft in sorcery."
Here the sign of the cross made
Devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more,"
Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:
"I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,

Or be brought back in my shroud!"
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf!

XI

°BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD

Loud the angry wind was wailing
As King Olaf's ships came sailing
Northward out of Drontheim haven
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
But within it storm and riot,
Such as on his Viking cruises
Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

°And the sea through all its tide-ways
Swept the reeling vessels sideways,

As the leaves are swept through sluices,
When the flood-gates open wide.

"'Tis the warlock! 'tis the demon
Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen;
"But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted,
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled:
Loud the monks around him chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted;

Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the vapors
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through °John's Apocalypse, —

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling;
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded;
'Twas the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him,
Dragged him from his bed and bound him,

While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King!
Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the good and evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered: "I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil;
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,
Touched by fire, they forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and marrow;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,

Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,
And the tiller single-handed,
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII

°KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of °Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,

With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,

And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"°Quern-biter of Habon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed,
The millstone through and through,
And °Footbreadth of Thoralf the Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangor made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring:
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 'twas multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,

By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "° Was-hael!
To the Lord!"

XIII

°THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,
Whistled, saying, "'Twould bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,
As he sat with half-closed eyes,

And his head turned sideways, drafting
That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered
Mallet huge and heavy axe:
Workmen laughed and sang and clamored;
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master, —
It was music to his ear;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight ° orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?
Could you not be gone a minute

But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse?

'Twas an ill wind that came wafting,
From his homestead words of woe;
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,
Oft repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"
On the morrow said the King;
"Finished now from °keel to carling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared:
Some one, all their labor balking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King:
"Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much thanking,
"Handsomer is now my Dragon
Than she was before!"

Seventy °ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,
In the ship-yard by the sea;

She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

XIV

°THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner;
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet blended,

Round as a swallow's nest descended;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender

As a woman's, in the splendor
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drontheim's street,
Boisterous as the gale!
How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
°Old King Gorm, or °Blue-Tooth Harald,
Owned a ship so well apparelled,
Boasted such a crew!

XV

°A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A LITTLE bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the °garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,

From his town by the stormy sea.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through cold,
Through °weald, they say, and through °wold,
By day and by night, they say,
She has fled; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful Queen;
And they wonder how it will end;
For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all!
It is published in hamlet and hall,
It roars like a flame that is fanned!

The King — yes, Olaf the King —
Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is Queen in the land!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

XVI

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

Northward over Drontheim,
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
Sang the lark and linnet
From the meadows green;

Weeping in her chamber,
Lonely and unhappy,
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove;

But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine heeded,

For the thoughts of Thyri
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,
Like the sun at Easter
Shone his happy face;

In his hand he carried
Angelicas uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom;

Nor the stalks he gave her
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
And her jewelled fingers
Through the green leaves glistened
Like the dews of morn;

But she cast them from her,
Haughty and indignant,
On the floor she threw them
With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she,
"Gave °King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
Than such worthless weeds;

"When he ravaged Norway,
Laying waste the kingdom,
Seizing °scatt and treasure
For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture
Through the Sound to Vendland,
My domains to rescue
From King Burislaf;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark,
Forked Beard, my brother,
Scatter all thy vessels
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,
Like a reindeer bounding,

With an oath he answered
Thus the luckless Queen:

"Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin!"

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
Summoned all his forces,
Making his war levy
In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway,
Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf,
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,
Steered he the Long Serpent,
Strained the creaking cordage,
Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Vendland landing,
The domains of Thyri
He redeemed and rescued
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
"Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair!

"Now will I confess it,
Better things are jewels
Than angelica stalks are
For a Queen to wear."

XVII

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

Loudly the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered

Southward to Vendland;
Where with their courses hauled
All were together called,
Under the °Isle of Svald
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
Under her °frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
"For thine own honor's sake

Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward!"
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring
In aid of Denmark;
Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From °Lapland and °Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,

Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season;
With them Earl Sigvald came
Eager for spoil and fame;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,
Plotted the three kings;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent,
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of °Stet-haven;
Him to ensnare and bring,
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven!

XVIII

°KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

On the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,

As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: "Follow me!
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea!"

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails!

XIX

°KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"STRIKE the sails!" King Olaf said;
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting °brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of °Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;

In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
"If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,"
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
"Have I a coward on board?" said he.
"Shoot it another way, O King!"
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf;
"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;

To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
On the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting:
But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

XX

°EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver
  Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
  Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
  As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
  Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
  Just above his head;
"Sing, O Eyvind °Skaldaspiller,"
  Then Earl Eric said.
"Sing the song of Hakon dying,
  Sing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying
  Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
  As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman
  Standing by the mast."

Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing
On the quarter-deck.
"Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, "That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O king!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"
Straightway Olaf said;
"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
Let thy shafts be sped."
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;
At the first °assay,

O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away;
Said, with hot and angry temper
Flushing in his cheek,
"Olaf! for so great a °Kämper
Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armor gleamed;
°Like Saint Michael overthrowing
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI

°KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is °assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,

The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling,
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim °forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,

And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown °sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again!

XXII

°THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,

But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;

Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,
"The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for this:
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,

I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

"Must it be °Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be °Athanasian creeds,
Or °holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With °councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with °litanies?

"I know that °yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

"°Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven;

And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!

"°Ah! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow, that recasts
The °creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified!

"For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
°Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale
So sad the hearer well may quail,
And question if such things can be;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this stain,
And naught can wash them white again,
So fearful is the tragedy."

°THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

TORQUEMADA

In the heroic days when °Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
In a great castle near °Valladolid,
°Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,
An old °Hidalgo proud and °taciturn,
Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone,
And all his actions save this one alone;
This one, so terrible, perhaps 'twere best
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest;
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin;
A double picture, with its gloom and glow,
The splendor overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as lost
On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed;

And when he chanced the passing Host to meet,
He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street;
Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous thought,
As with wild beasts at °Ephesus, he fought.
In deep contrition scourged himself in °Lent,
Walked in processions, with his head down bent,
At plays of °Corpus Christi oft was seen,
And on °Palm Sunday bore his bough of green.
His only pastime was to hunt the boar
Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,
Or with his jingling mules to hurry down
To some grand bull-fight in the neighboring town,
Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,
When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.
Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;
The demon whose delight is to destroy
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone,
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood,
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,
Returning from their convent school, had made
Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade,
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,
When first she came into that gloomy place, —

A memory in his heart as dim and sweet
As moonlight in a solitary street,
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.
These two fair daughters of a mother dead
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.
A joy at first, and then a growing care,
As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!"
A vague presentiment of impending doom,
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear
That death to some one of his house was near,
With dark surmises of a hidden crime,
Made life itself a death before its time.
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,
A spy upon his daughters he became;
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,
He glided softly through half-open doors;
Now in the room, and now upon the stair,
He stood beside them ere they were aware;
He listened in the passage when they talked,
He watched them from the casement when they walked,
He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side,
He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide;

And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt
Of some dark secret, past his finding out,
Baffled he paused; then reassured again
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.
He watched them even when they knelt in church;
And then, descending lower in his search,
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes
Listened incredulous to their replies;
The gypsy? none had seen her in the wood!
The monk? a mendicant in search of food!

At length the awful revelation came,
Crushing at once his pride of birth and name,
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,
And the ancestral glories of the past;
All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,
A turret rent from battlement to base.

His daughters talking in the dead of night
In their own chamber, and without a light,
Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word;
And hurrying from his castle, with a cry
He raised his hands to the unpitying sky,
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree
Caught it, and shuddering answered, "Heresy!"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face,
Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace,
He walked all night the alleys of his park,
With one unseen companion in the dark,
The Demon who within him lay in wait,
And by his presence turned his love to hate,
Forever muttering in an undertone,
"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"
Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
While yet the dew was glistening on the grass,
And all the woods were musical with birds,
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,
Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room
Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom.
When questioned, with brief answers they replied,
Nor when accused evaded or denied;
Expostulations, passionate appeals,
All that the human heart most fears or feels,
In vain the Priest with earnest voice essayed,
In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed;
Until at last he said, with haughty mien,
"The Holy Office, then, must intervene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
With all the fifty horsemen of his train,

His awful name resounding, like the blast
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed,
Came to Valladolid, and there began
To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.
To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate
Demanded audience on affairs of state,
And in a secret chamber stood before
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,
Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar;
Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,
And in his hand ° the mystic horn he held,
Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled.
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,
Then answered in a voice that made him quail:
"Son of the Church! ° when Abraham of old
To sacrifice his only son was told,
He did not pause to parley nor protest,
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.
In him it was accounted righteousness;
The Holy Church expects of thee no less!"
A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?
His daughters he accused, and the same day
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,

That dismal antechamber of the tomb,
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,
And said: "When Abraham offered up his son,
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.
By his example taught, let me too bring
Wood from the forest for my offering!"
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:
"Son of the Church! by faith now justified,
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"
Then this most wretched father went his way
Into the woods, that round his castle lay,
Where once his daughters in their childhood played
With their young mother in the sun and shade.
°Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,
And screaming from their eyries overhead
The °ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,

And on his mules, caparisoned and gay
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,
Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought,
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,
Grant me one more request, one last desire, —
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"
And Torquemada answered from his seat,
"Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;
Her servants through all ages shall not cease
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.
At the four corners, in stern attitude,
Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes
Upon this place of human sacrifice,
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,
With clamor of voices dissonant and loud,
And every roof and window was alive
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.
The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,

Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,
A line of torches smoked along the street,
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,
And, with its banners floating in the air,
Slowly the long procession crossed the square,
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,
And louder sang the monks with bell and book,
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?
O pitiless earth! why opened no abyss
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?
That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,
And as the villagers in terror gazed,
They saw the figure of that cruel knight

Lean from a window in the turret's height,
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;
His name has perished with him, and no trace
Remains on earth of his afflicted race;
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

INTERLUDE

Thus closed the tale of guilt and gloom,
That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;
Upon his memory thronged and pressed
The persecution of his race,
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.
"In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the soul

Into a fathomless abyss.
°The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of °Straparole,
Or °Machiavelli's Belphagor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!"

And here the Poet raised his hand,
With such entreaty and command,
It stopped discussion at its birth,
And said: "The story I shall tell
Has meaning in it, if not mirth;
Listen, and hear what once befell
The merry birds of Killingworth!"

°THE POET'S TALE

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the land
The °merle and °mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by °His hand,
Whom °Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
°The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
°Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the °Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the °jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
°Cassandra-like, °prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
°Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With °fluted columns, and a roof of red,
°The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, °Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some °Adirondac hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
  In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable °bombazine he wore;
  His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
  He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
  With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
  His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
  Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
  Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
  Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
  To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"°Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the °Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, °as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng,
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feasts with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious °madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy °hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet °roundelay,
Or twitter of little °field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very °St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

°Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Drew a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud °canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

FINALE

The hour was late; the fire burned low,
The landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,
And near the story's end a deep
Sonorous sound at times was heard,
As when the distant bagpipes blow.
At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,
As one awaking from a swound,
And, gazing anxiously around,
Protested that he had not slept,
But only shut his eyes, and kept
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."
Alone remained the drowsy Squire
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlor light;
While from the windows, here and there,
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,
And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun.
Far off the village clock struck one.

NOTES

PRELUDE

THE WAYSIDE INN

The Prelude serves as a general introduction to the tales that follow by introducing and characterizing the story-tellers and describing their place of meeting. The individuality of each person present should be carefully noted, so that as each tells his story his traits of character may be recalled. In connection with the study of the Prelude read the Prologue to Tennyson's *Princess*, and the Hunting Dinner in Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*.

10. When men lived in a grander way. Many of the houses built in colonial times were very large. See Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*, Chap. I.

12. Hobgoblin Hall. A place frequented by ghosts.

15. crazy doors. Doors that are rickety and broken.

22. gleeds. Coals of fire, cinders (Archaic).

32. The Red Horse prances on the sign. It was once customary to place some figure or device upon a sign board in front of an inn, the inn frequently deriving its name from it. See "A Visit with Sir Roger to the County Assizes" in Addison's *De Coverley Papers*, and l. 20, Prologue, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

63. The jovial rhymes, etc. The rhymes are as follows: —

"What do you think?
Here is good drink,
Perhaps you may not know it;
If not in haste,
Do stop and taste!
You merry folk will show it."

65. Major Molineaux. On a pane near the one containing the rhymes is written, *William Molineaux jr. esq., June 24, 1774.* Hawthorne, in his story, *My Kinsman, Major Molineaux*, writes of a character by this name in a most interesting way.

100. Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh. Ancestors of the landlord.

104. gules. Red lines drawn vertically.

105. chevron argent. A device, white in color, consisting of two bars meeting at an angle in the centre of the shield.

107. Wyvern part-per-pale. A monster, part dragon, part serpent, cut through the middle by a perpendicular line.

109. The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe." A motto is invariably included in a coat-of-arms, sometimes, as in this case, containing the family name.

127. sumptuous tome. Costly volume.

128. bedight. Adorned (rare).

129. garmented in white. Bound in white.

130. Florence, Pisa, Rome. Celebrated cities of Italy.

133. hauberk. A shirt of mail made of small steel rings interwoven.

135. And ladies ride with hawk on wrist. Falconry has been one of the favorite pastimes with the nobility of many

lands for centuries. The hawk is carried upon the wrist protected by a gauntlet.

137–138. Magnified by the purple mist, etc. Explain.

139. Charlemagne. Charles the Great (742–814), the most celebrated of the Frankish kings and emperor of Rome. He and his followers are the heroes of many mediæval romances.

140. Merlin. A famous magician of King Arthur's court. See Merlin and Vivien, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.* **Mort d'Arthure.** A cycle of romances on the life and death of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table.

142. Flores and Blanchefleur. The hero and heroine of an early French metrical romance; also of Boccaccio's tale, *Il Filopoco;* and of The Franklin's Tale, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.*

143. Sir Ferumbras. One of the chief followers of Charlemagne and hero of a French romance which bears his name. **Sir Eglamour.** A celebrated knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

144. Launcelot. The chief of the Round Table knights. His wrong-doing had much to do with the downfall of King Arthur's kingdom.

145. Sir Guy. Guy of Warwick, a legendary hero of early English romance. **Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.** Renowned knights of the Round Table.

151. Palermo's fatal siege. In 1848 the inhabitants of Sicily rose in revolt against their Bourbon rulers, the people of Palermo, the chief city of the island, taking a leading part. The next year the city was bombarded and reduced, the revolutionists retiring to the interior. See note on l. 188, The Sicilian's Tale.

153. King Bomba's happy reign. The reign of Ferdinand II,

who ruled Sicily at the time of the revolt of 1848–1849, and who was given the nickname of "Bomba" because of his bombardment of the revolting cities, was in the main one of peace and prosperity.

166. Immortal Four. Dante (1265–1321), Petrarch (1304–1374), Ariosto (1474–1533), Tasso (1544–1595).

168. The story-telling bard of prose. Boccaccio (1313–1375), a famous Italian poet and novelist. His chief work is the *Decameron*. See introductory note to The Student's Tale.

169. Tuscan tales. Tales of Tuscany, a province or division of western Italy. Florence is situated in the northern part.

170. Decameron. See introductory note to The Student's Tale.

171. Fiesole's green hills, etc. Fiesole is a small village a short distance north of Florence. It was near here that the story-tellers of the *Decameron* sought refuge from the plague. See introductory note to The Student's Tale.

180. Bucolic songs. Songs relating to the life and occupation of shepherds. **Meli.** A Sicilian poet (1740–1815) whose works include odes, pastorals, and sonnets.

184. Theocritus of Syracuse. Theocritus, a celebrated Greek poet of the second century before Christ, was born at Syracuse, Sicily, where he spent much of his life. His works are largely pastoral in nature.

185. Alicant. A seaport in the southern part of Spain.

188. Levant. East. Specifically the countries of Turkey, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, and others which are washed by the eastern part of the Mediterranean and adjoining waters.

189. Patriarch. A term applied to the father and ruler of a

family in Biblical history before the time of Moses, and later to dignitaries of the church.

199. Moluccas. A group of islands belonging to the Malay Archipelago; noted for its production of spices.

200. Celebes. A large island belonging to the East Indies, which lies west of the Moluccas group.

204. The Parables of Sandabar. A mediæval collection of stories written in Hebrew; known as the Mishle Sandabar.

205. the Fables of Pilpay. A collection of fables written in Sanskrit, the ancient language of the Hindoos.

208. Talmud. See introductory note to The Spanish Jew's Tale. **Targum.** The name applied to the translations made of the Old Testament by the Chaldeans.

209. Kabala. The mystic philosophy of the Jewish religion, claimed to have been delivered by revelation, and transmitted by oral tradition, serving for the interpretation of the hidden sense of the Scripture.

213. sackbut. A brass wind instrument, like a trumpet, so made that it can be shortened or lengthened according to the tone required; said to be the same as the trombone.

215–216. from the school, etc. Harvard University.

238. For music in some neighboring street. Explain.

240. The laurels of Miltiades. Miltiades was a famous Athenian general. He commanded the Greeks at the battle of Marathon, in which the Persians were overwhelmed, and as a result was hailed as the savior of his country.

253. The Angel with the violin. In the centre of the celebrated fresco, *Poetry*, or *Apollo and the Muses on Parnassus*, designed by Raphael for the Vatican, is the figure of Apollo, who is represented as playing on a violin.

259. Strömkarl. Genius of the water.

269. Elivagar's river. A river of Norse mythology, said to take its rise in the spring Hvergelmer, which is located in the region of everlasting night and endless cold.

272. Cremona's workshops. Cremona is a province in the northern part of Italy, which is noted for the manufacture of violins and other stringed instruments.

276. Tyrolian forests. Tyrol is a heavily wooded province in the western part of Austria-Hungary.

284. Antonius Stradivarius. The greatest violin maker the world has ever had (1644–1737). His best violins were made between the years of 1700 and 1725.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

The incident upon which this poem is based — the famous ride of Paul Revere — is one of the favorite stories in American history. The ride took place on the night of April 18, 1775, the circumstances attending it being as follows: When the trouble which resulted in the Revolutionary War broke out between England and the colonists, a secret organization was formed at Boston and vicinity to watch the movements of the British officials. At first John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Joseph Warren were the leaders of the society, but when Adams and Hancock left the city, Paul Revere and William Dawes became Warren's confidants.

As the trouble grew more and more serious, the colonists concluded that war was inevitable, and began to prepare for

it by collecting military stores at various places around Boston. At first the British officials gave but little attention to this act of hostility, but when the Americans sent word to them that any advance on their part to capture or destroy the stores would be regarded as a declaration of war, and would be met with open resistance, they decided that the time had come for them to act. Accordingly they laid plans to secretly despatch a force of eight hundred men to Concord to take possession of the supplies gathered there.

But despite their secrecy, Warren learned of their proposed raid at an early moment, and at once summoned Revere and Dawes to his assistance. Anticipating such a movement, Revere had arranged signals with friends in Charlestown by means of which he could inform them of the British plans, the signals being lights to be placed in the tower of the North Church, one if the troops went out by land and two if by water. As quickly as he learned of their proposed route, he sent a companion to display the lights, while he, with Dawes, made ready to spread the alarm. Rowing to Charlestown, he found a horse waiting for him, and avoiding the British sentinels, started for Lexington. As he passed through Medford, he aroused the people with a cry of "Up and arm! The regulars are out!" A little later he reached Lexington, where he found Adams and Hancock, and having given the alarm, started for Concord in company with Dawes and young Prescott, who had joined him there. A little way out of the village, however, he was stopped by a British patrol. But his mission was already accomplished. The alarm was spread far and wide by those whom he had aroused, and when the British advanced, it was to find the colonists prepared to meet them.

In connection with the study of the poem, read Browning's *How They brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* and Read's *Sheridan's Ride.*

9. North Church. The "Old North Church," or Christ Church, is one of the oldest and most impressive buildings in Boston. It was built in 1723, and still stands with very few signs of decay. Embedded in the masonry of the tower is a tablet bearing this inscription: —

The Signal Lanterns of
Paul Revere,
Displayed in the Steeple of this Church,
April 18, 1775,
Warned the Country of the March
of the British Troops
to Lexington and Concord.

10. Middlesex. The county in the northeastern part of Massachusetts in which Charlestown, Medford, Lexington, and Concord are situated.

16. Charlestown shore. North of Boston, across the Charles River.

29. grenadiers. Members of a regiment or corps composed of men of great stature, whose bravery was unquestioned.

83. Mystic. A river in the northeastern part of Massachusetts, flowing southeast into Boston Harbor. Revere's route lay along its south bank.

102. the bridge in Concord town. It was at this place that the Americans made their first determined stand against the British.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."
—EMERSON, *Concord Hymn.*

INTERLUDE

10. Joyeuse. The sword of Charlemagne. See note on l. 139, Prelude. **Colada.** The sword of the Cid (1040–1099), the national hero of Spain, famous for his deeds of bravery in the wars with the Moors. **Durindale.** The sword of Roland, a hero of Charlemagne's army who was slain at the battle of Roncevalles in 778. According to legend, he came into possession of the sword by defeating the giant Jutmundus.

11. Excalibar. The sword of King Arthur, a British chieftain of the sixth century and hero of the Round Table romances. Legend has it that he was presented the sword by a sorceress known as the Lady of the Lake.

"And near him stood the Lady of the Lake
Who knows a subtler magic than his own—
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out."
—TENNYSON, *Coming of Arthur*, ll. 282–286.

Aroundight. The sword of Lancelot of the Lake. See note on l. 144, Prelude.

21. an iron pot. A helmet.

23. escutcheon. A surface, usually a shield, upon which is blazoned a coat-of-arms.

37. emprise. Enterprise, adventure (poetical).

38. Ariosto. A celebrated Italian poet (1474–1533), author of *Orlando Furioso*, a metrical romance, and a number of dramas.

49–50. Palmieri's garden . . . Fiametta. See introductory note to The Student's Tale.

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

The plot of this story is drawn from the *Decameron* (see p. xxvii, Introduction), the masterpiece of Boccaccio, an Italian writer of the fourteenth century. The *Decameron* is made up of a series of short stories, one hundred in number, represented as having been told by a party of ten persons, who had fled from plague-stricken Florence, and taken refuge at a country residence a few miles away. To promote order, each member of the party was called upon in turn to act as leader for the period of a day, the insignia of office being a laurel crown. Story-telling at once became the favorite pastime, each person contributing one tale each day. "The Falcon of Ser Federigo" was told on the fifth day by Fiametta, who was ruler at the time. Following is the story as she told it: —

"At Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Federigo, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Monna Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, he was continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents,

and everything that was extravagant. But she made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself.

"As Federigo continued to live in this manner, spending profusely, and acquiring nothing, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out fowling, as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now it happened that the lady's husband fell sick, and being very rich, he made a will by which he left all his substance to an only son, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. Monna Giovanna, now being left a widow, retired to a house of hers in the country, near to that of Federigo: whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; and the boy, having often seen Federigo's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it.

"This being so, the boy soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said, 'Madam,

if you could contrive for me to have Federigo's hawk, I should soon be well.' She was in some perplexity at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Federigo had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, 'How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which, I hear, is the very best of the kind, and which is all he has in the world to maintain him? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?' Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself. She then replied, 'Set your heart at rest, my boy, and think only of your recovery; for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do.' This afforded him such joy, that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

"The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to Federigo's little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy, whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and, after the usual compliments, she said, 'Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for the losses you have sustained on my account, what I mean is, that I have brought a companion to take a neighborly dinner with you to-day.' He replied, with a great deal of humility, 'Madam, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was

worth anything at any time it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you; and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host.' With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and thence they went into the garden, where, having no company for her, he said, 'Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a laborer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table.'

"Although his poverty was extreme, never till now had he been so sensible of his past extravagance; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, for whose sake he had treated thousands, he was in the utmost perplexity, cursing his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits. At length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and longing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own laborer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, seized it, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without further thought, then, he wrung its head off, and gave it to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen left; and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden to tell Monna Giovanna that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready. She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the good hawk, not knowing what it was.

"After dinner was over, and they sat chatting a little while together, the lady thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and addressed him courteously in this manner: 'Sir, if you call to

mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption when you know what I am come for; but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is toward them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination, and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you, which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or diversion left you in your small circumstances; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring it back with me I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me, but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have it, so that I may be able to say that my child's life has been restored to me through your gift, and that he and I are under perpetual obligations to you.'

"Federigo, hearing the lady's request, and knowing that it was out of his power to fulfil it, began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she at first attributed to his reluctance to part with his favorite bird, and expected that he was going to give her a flat denial; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said: 'Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has still been contrary to me in many things, and sorely have I felt them; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor dwelling, to which in my prosperity you would never deign to come; you also entreat a small present of me, which it is wholly out of my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favor you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior

merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability with something choicer than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me, that I shall never be at peace as long as I live.' And saying this, he produced the hawk's feathers, feet, and talons. The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, in her heart all the while extolling the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase.

"Having now no farther hopes of obtaining the hawk, she took leave of Federigo, and returned sadly to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment, or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days. She continued sorrowful for some time; but being left rich, and young, her brothers were very pressing with her to marry again. This went against her inclination, but finding them still importunate, and remembering Federigo's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said, 'I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have none but Federigo.' They smiled contemptuously at this, and said, 'You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world.' She replied, 'I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, that I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.' They hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and of such a vast fortune,

lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs than he had been before."

8. Arno. A river in the northwestern part of Italy. It rises in the Apennines and flows west into the Mediterranean; length, 140 miles.

10. Florence. A city in the northwestern part of Italy on the Arno River.

16. Monna Giovanna. The heroine of the story. See introductory note to the poem.

31. Purveyor. One who provides food.

44. Tinkled his bells. Falcons are trained to wear bands of leather about their legs to which bells are attached.

60. æolian harp. A musical instrument consisting of a framework, on or in which are stretched strings, on which the wind acts to produce notes. It was named after Æolus, the mythological deity of the winds.

85. sacred ilex. The holm oak. A genus of evergreen trees and shrubs including the common holly. It is much used for decorating churches and houses at Christmas time. **centennial pines.** Pines of great age.

86. terraced gardens. Gardens consisting of elevated flat spaces faced on one or more sides with masonry or turf.

87. sylvan deities. Fabled deities of the wood. Here their images carved in stone.

88. palpitating. Throbbing or quivering.

89. Val d' Arno. Valley of the Arno (Italian).

103. gerfalcon. A large falcon whose original home was in the mountains of Scandinavia. It is one of the largest of its race, and has always been highly prized by falconers.

111. passing-bell. The bell that rings at the hour of death,

or at the time when the body of a deceased person is being carried to a place of interment.

113. preternatural. Strange and inexplicable.

121. importunate. Solicitous.

131. pursuivant. Attendant, follower.

148–149. the mists that roll, etc. Study this figure carefully. Is it an apt one?

152. auroral. Resembling the dawn in color and beauty.

162. His long-lost Eden was restored again. Explain this line.

165. the Euphrates watering Paradise. The Euphrates is a large river in the western part of Asia. It is formed by the junction of the Moorad Chai and Kara-Soo, flows southwest, then southeast, and empties into the Persian Gulf; length, 1780 miles. According to the Bible it was one of the four rivers that watered the Garden of Eden or Paradise. See *Genesis* ii. 10–14.

194. Signor. An Italian title of respect for a man; contracted from Signore.

202. lure. A contrivance somewhat resembling a bird, and often baited with raw meat, used by falconers in recalling hawks.

204. jesses. Bands of leather placed about falcons' legs, to which are attached cords, held by the birds' owners, and bells. See note on l. 44.

210. bergamot. Pear.

222. fanfares. A flourish or call sounded by trumpets, bugles, or hunting-horns.

229. garden-close. The space enclosed as a garden.

INTERLUDE

25–29. from these reservoirs and tanks, etc. Shakespeare went to Italian sources for the plots to many of his plays. See Dowden's *Shakespeare* of the Literature Primer Series.

27. Moor of Venice. Othello, the hero of the tragedy *Othello, the Moor of Venice.* **Jew.** Shylock, one of the chief characters of *The Merchant of Venice.*

31. "An Angel is flying overhead!" This exclamation is introduced to suggest the theme of the story that follows. The reply of the Jew (ll. 34–35) prepares the reader still further for what is to come.

41. Talmud. See introductory note to The Spanish Jew's Tale.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

The plot of this story is taken from the Talmud (see p. xxvii, Introduction), a work which embodies the civil and canonical law of the Jewish people. It contains those rules and regulations by which, in addition to the Old Testament, the conduct of that nation is regulated. It is divided into two parts, — the Mishnah, containing the text; and the Gemera, containing the commentary. There are two Talmuds, — the Palestinian (commonly called the Talmud of Jerusalem) and the Babylonian. They contain the same Mishnah but different Gemeras. The Babylonian text is about three times as large as the other, and is the more highly esteemed by the Jews. It is in it that the Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi occurs, it being found in tract *Ketuboth*, Art. 40, and reading as follows: —

"As Rabbi Joshua ben Levi lay dying, God spake to the Angel of Death: 'Go and do his will.' He went to him. When he appeared to him, the Rabbi said, 'Show me my place in Paradise.' The Angel said, 'So be it.' Then said the Rabbi, 'Give me your sword; on the way you might threaten me.' The Angel gave it him. When the Angel had got there he lifted him upon the wall and showed him his place. But the Rabbi sprang over and landed on the other side. Then he grasped him by the edge of his mantle, but he said: 'I swear I won't come out.' Then spake the Holy One, 'May he be blessed. If he has ever given an oath and then wished to be released from it, he shall be released also from this; but if such is not the case, he shall not be released.' Then spake the Angel of Death to him, 'Give me back my sword.' When it was not given back, there was heard a heavenly voice saying: 'Give it him for he needs it.'" . . .

INTERLUDE

9. adumbration. Shadow.
12. impalpable. Intangible, imperceptible to the touch.
21. Abate. An Italian abbot.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

The plot of this story is drawn from an early English metrical romance entitled Robert of Cysille (see p. xxvii, Introduction), which in turn was probably suggested by the history of the Emperor Jovinian, related in Chapter 59 of the *Gesta*

Romanorum, a popular story book of the Middle Ages. In 1790 an abstract of the romance was published by George Ellis, an English writer, in his *Specimens of Early English Romances* (revised in 1848), and it was perhaps here that Longfellow first met with it. The following version is taken from the edition of 1848: —

"Robert, king of Sicily, brother to Pope Urban and to Valemond, emperor of Germany, was among the most powerful and valorous princes of Europe; but his arrogance was still more conspicuous than his power or his valor. Constantly occupied by the survey of his present greatness, or by projects for its future extension, he considered the performance of his religious duties as insufferably tedious; and never paid his adorations to the Supreme Being without evident reluctance and disgust. His guilt was great; and his punishment was speedy and exemplary.

"Once upon a time, being present during vespers on the eve of St. John, his attention was excited by the following passage in the Magnificat: 'deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.' He inquired of a clerk the meaning of these words; and, having heard the explanation, replied that such expressions were very foolish, since he, being the very flower of chivalry, was too mighty to be thrown down from his seat, and had no apprehension of seeing others exalted at his expense. The clerk did not presume to attempt any remonstrance; the service continued; Robert thought it longer and more tedious than ever, and at last fell fast asleep.

"His slumber was not interrupted, nor indeed noticed by any of the congregation, because an angel having in the meantime assumed his features, together with the royal robes, had been

attended by the usual officers to the palace, where supper was immediately served. Robert, however, awaked at the close of the day, was much astonished by the darkness of the church, and not less so by the solitude which surrounded him. He began to call loudly for his attendants, and at length attracted the notice of the sexton, who, conceiving him to be a thief secreted in the church for the purpose of stealing the sacred ornaments, approached the door with some precaution and transmitted his suspicions through the key-hole. Robert indignantly repelled the accusation, affirming that he was the king; upon which the sexton, persuaded that he had lost his senses, and not at all desirous of having a madman under his care, readily opened the door, and was glad to see the supposed maniac run with all speed to the palace. But the palace gates were shut; and Robert, whose temper was never very enduring, and was now exasperated by rage and hunger, vainly attempted by threats of imprisonment, and even of death, to subdue the contumacy of the porter. While the metamorphosed monarch was venting his rage at the gate, this officer hastened to the hall, and, falling on his knees, requested his sovereign's orders concerning a madman who loudly asserted his right to the throne. The angel directed that he should be immediately admitted; and Robert at length appeared, covered with mud, in consequence of an affray in which he had flattened the porter's nose, and had been himself rolled in a puddle by the porter's assistants.

"Without paying the least attention to these accidental circumstances, or to the clamors of the wounded man, who loudly demanded justice, he rushed up to the throne; and though a good deal startled at finding not only that, and all the attributes

of royalty, but even his complete set of features, in the possession of another, he boldly proceeded to treat the angel as an impostor, threatening him with the vengeance of the pope and of the emperor, who, he thought, could not fail of distinguishing the true from the fictitious sovereign of Sicily.

"'Thou art my fool!' said the angel;
'Thou shalt be shorn, every deal, (every whit)
Like a fool, a fool to be:
For thou hast now no dignity.
Thine counsellor shall be an ape;
And o (in one) clothing you shall be shape.—
He shall ben thine own fere: (companion)
Some wit of him thou might lere.' (learn)

* * * * * *

"He cleped (called) a barber him before,
That, as a fool, he should be shore
All around like a frere, (friar)
An hand-brede (hand's breadth) above the ear;
And on his crown maken a cross.
He gan cry and make noise;
And said they should all abye, (pay for it)
That did him swich (such) villainy!

"Thus was Robert reduced to the lowest state of human degradation; an object of contempt and derision to those whom he had been accustomed to despise; often suffering from hunger and thirst; and seeing his sufferings inspire no more compassion than those of the animals with whom he shared his precarious and disgusting repast. Yet his pride and petulance were not subdued. To the frequent inquiries of the angel whether he still thought himself a king, he continued to answer by haughty denunciations of vengeance, and was incensed almost to mad-

ness when this reply excited, as it constantly did, a general burst of laughter.

"In the meantime Robert's dominions were admirably governed by his angelic substitute. The country, always fruitful, became a paragon of fertility; abuses were checked by a severe administration of equal justice; and, for a time, all evil propensities seemed to be eradicated from the hearts of the happy Sicilians —

> "Every man loved well other;
> Better love was never with brother.
> In his time was never no strife
> Between man and his wife:
> Then was this a joyful thing
> In land to have swich (such) a king.

"At the end of about three years arrived a solemn embassy from Sir Valemond the emperor, requesting that Robert would join him on Holy Thursday, at Rome, whither he proposed to go on a visit to his brother Urban. The angel welcomed the ambassadors; bestowed on them garments lined with ermine and embroidered with jewels, so exquisitely wrought as to excite universal astonishment, and departed in their company to Rome.

> "The fool Robert also went,
> Clothed in loathly garnement,
> With fox-tails riven (abundant) all about:
> Men might him knowen in the rout.
> An ape rode of his clothing;
> So foul rode never king.

"These strange figures, contrasted with the unparalleled magnificence of the angel and his attendants, produced infinite mer-

riment among the spectators, whose shouts of admiration were enlivened by frequent peals of laughter.

"Robert witnessed, in sullen silence, the demonstrations of affectionate regard with which the pope and the emperor welcomed their supposed brother; but at length, rushing forward, bitterly reproached them for thus joining in an unnatural conspiracy with the usurper of his throne. This violent sally, however, was received by his brothers, and by the whole papal court, as an undoubted proof of his madness; and he now learnt for the first time the real extent of his misfortune. His stubbornness and pride gave way, and were succeeded by sentiments of remorse and penitence.

"We have already seen that he was not very profoundly versed in Scripture history, but he now fortunately recollected two examples which he considered as nearly similar to his own; those of Nebuchadnezzar and Holofernes. Recalling to his mind their greatness and degradation, he observed that God alone had bestowed on them that power which he afterwards annihilated.

"'So hath he mine, for my gult; (guilt)
Now am I full lowe pult; (put)
And that is right that I so be;
Lord, on thy fool have thou pité!
That error hath made me to smart
That I had in my heart;
Lord, I leved (believed) not on thee;
Lord, on thy fool have thou pité.
Holy writ I had in despite;
Therefore reaved (removed) is my right;
Therefore is right a fool that I be;
Lord, on thy fool have thou pité.'

"After five weeks spent in Rome, the emperor and the supposed king of Sicily returned to their respective dominions, Robert being still accoutred in his fox-tails and accompanied by his ape, whom he now ceased to consider as his inferior. When returned to the palace, the angel, before the whole court, repeated his usual question; but the penitent, far from persevering in his former insolence, humbly replied, 'that he was indeed a fool, or worse than a fool; but that he had at least acquired a perfect indifference for all worldly dignities.' The attendants were now ordered to retire; and the angel, being left alone with Robert, informed him that his sins were forgiven; gave him a few salutary admonitions, and added:—

> "'I am an angel of renown
> Sent to keep thy regioun.
> More joy me shall fall
> In heaven, among mine feren (companions) all,
> In an hour of a day,
> Than here, I thee say,
> In an hundred thousand year;
> Though all the world, far and near,
> Were mine at my liking:
> I am an angel; thou art king!'

"With these words he disappeared; and Robert, returning to the hall, received, not without some surprise and confusion, the usual salutations of the courtiers.

"From this period he continued, during three years, to reign with so much justice and wisdom that his subjects had no cause to regret the change of their sovereign; after which, being warned by the angel of his approaching dissolution, he dictated to his secretaries a full account of his former perverseness, and

of its strange punishment, and, having sealed it with the royal signet, ordered it to be sent, for the edification of his brothers, to Rome and Vienna. Both received, with due respect, the important lesson; the emperor often recollected with tenderness and compassion the degraded situation of the valiant Robert; and the pope, besides availing himself of the story in a number of sermons addressed to the faithful, caused it to be carefully preserved in the archives of the Vatican, as a constant warning against pride and an incitement to the performance of our religious duties."

1. Robert of Sicily. This character cannot be placed historically. It may be Robert of Anjou (1275–1343), who once attempted the subjugation of Sicily; or some Norman Robert of the Middle Ages. **Pope Urbane.** There have been several popes by the name of Urbane, or Urban. It is, of course, impossible to tell which one is referred to here.

2. Valmond. This character is unknown to history. **Allemaine.** Germany. The name is now obsolete.

5. St. John's eve. Eve of June 23. A time of great rejoicing in the church during the Middle Ages.

6. Magnificat. The song of the Virgin Mary, taken from *Luke*, Chap. I. So called because it commences with this word in the Vulgate.

9–10. "Deposuit potentes," etc. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree." *Luke* i. 52.

17. Seditious. Tending to excite opposition to lawful authority.

32. imprecations. Curses.

34. stalls. Seats in the choir of the church.

56. seneschal. Steward ; an officer in the houses of princes and dignitaries whose duty is to oversee the preparation of feasts.

63. dais. A raised floor at the upper end of the dining-hall, where the table, occupied by persons of high rank, stood.

68. effulgence. Splendor.

69. an exaltation. An influence which made those present have elevated thoughts and aspirations.

83. the bells and scalloped cape. Symbols of a jester or fool.

84. thy counsellor. Jesters frequently had companions who acted as foils for them.

86. henchmen. Pages, servants (rare).

106. Saturnian reign. Saturn was an ancient Italian god, who is said to have taught the people agriculture, gardening, etc. His reign was a prosperous one, and was known to the poets as "the golden age."

110. Enceladus, the giant. One of the one-hundred-armed giants who made war upon the gods. As he was flying, Athene threw the island of Sicily upon him.

122. The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel. Explain.

141. housings. The ornamental trappings of a horse.

143. menials. Persons doing servile work. A term of contempt.

144. piebald. Mottled.

150. St. Peter's Square. The space in front of St. Peter's Church known as the Piazza of St. Peter's.

169. Holy Week. The last week of Lent, *i.e.*, the week before Easter.

186. Salerno. A city in the southwestern part of Italy.

187. Palermo's walls. Palermo is a fortified city in the northwestern part of Sicily ; the capital of the island.

189. Angelus. The bell tolled in the morning, at noon, and in the evening to indicate the time when the angelus,— a devotion in the memory of the annunciation to the Virgin Mary of the incarnation of the Son of God, — is to be recited.

INTERLUDE

2. Saga. See introductory note to The Musician's Tale.

5. Norroway. Norway.

9. wandering Saga-man or Scald. Wandering singers or bards. There seems to be this difference between a scald and a saga-man : the scald composed as well as sang heroic poems, while the saga-man sang the songs of others.

10. Heimskringla. See introductory note to The Musician's Tale.

17. runes. Mystic songs of the Scandinavians.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

The plot of this poem, or series of poems, is taken from the *Heimskringla* (see p. xxvii, Introduction), a chronicle-history, by the Icelandic author Snorro Sturleson. The *Heimskringla* deals with the Norse kings and other important personages from the earliest mythical times down to the battle of Re in 1177. It is made up of sixteen sagas or traditions, each of which has a hero different from the others. The work was translated into English in 1844, by Samuel Laing, a Scotch writer, and it is probable that Longfellow became acquainted with it through him.

The Saga of King Olaf is adapted from the one in the original known as King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga. Longfellow has greatly reduced the length of the story (the original contains one hundred and twenty-three chapters, with an appendix of eight more) by combining two or more chapters into one in some cases and by omitting others. He has added two parts, — The Challenge of Thor and The Nun of Nidaros.

I. THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

As you read on through the Saga seek to discover the poet's purpose in introducing it with this chapter of his own.

1. Thor. The war god of the ancient Scandinavians known also as the "Thunderer." He was regarded as inferior in rank only to Odin his father, who was the supreme being. In times of stress he defended the gods, and helped mankind by destroying evil spirits. He was armed with a heavy hammer, Miölner (the crusher), which returned to his hand of its own accord as often as he hurled it. He also possessed a pair of iron gloves or gauntlets, which enabled him to wield his hammer effectively, and a girdle which, clasped about him, doubled his strength. He is represented as a powerful man with a long red beard.

25. Jove. The supreme god of the Romans; frequently called Jupiter.

38. Galilean. The Christ.

II. KING OLAF'S RETURN

Olaf Tryggvesson (956–1000), the hero of this poem or series of poems, ruled Norway from 996 until his death in 1000. He was the son of Tryggve and Astrid, and was born in exile, his

father having been slain a short time before and his mother expelled from the country. He was educated in Russia, and on arriving at the age of maturity became a viking, ravaging the coasts of Briton, Ireland, and France. While on one of his plundering expeditions, he met a monk who persuaded him to become a Christian. Shortly afterward he made his way to the Norwegian coasts, and after a hard struggle, overthrew Hakon the Bad, and made himself king. He forced Christianity upon the people by means of the sword, and this with other acts of oppression led to a revolt. His people leagued against him with the kings of Sweden and Denmark, and he was defeated and killed in a naval battle.

The original tells of his return to Norway as follows: "Olaf went out to sea to the eastward, and made the land at Möster Island, where he first touched the ground of Norway. . . . He then sailed northward day and night, when the wind permitted, and did not let the people know who it was that was sailing in such haste. When he came north to Agdaness, he heard that the earl (Hakon) was in the fiord, and was in discord with the bonders. On hearing this, he saw that things were going in a very different way from what he expected; for after the battle with the Jomsburg vikings, all men in Norway were the most sincere friends of the earl; and now it turns out that a great chief has come to the country at a time when the bonders are in arms against him."

48. Drontheim fiord. Drontheim is a city in the central part of Norway on the fiord by the same name.

66. Hakon. Hakon Gamle, at whose home Olaf and his mother took refuge while in exile. Not to be confused with Hakon the Bad.

68. Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack. Queen Gunhild, the mother of Harald Greyskin and Gudrod, petty kings of Norway, sent men in pursuit of Olaf and his mother. They failed, however, to bring them back.

69–84. And a hurried flight by sea, etc. Astrid had a brother Siguard by name, who lived in Russia. She decided to go to him, and took passage on a boat with some merchants. On the way the vessel was captured by pirates, and she and Olaf were sold into slavery. Olaf was taken to Esthonia, a Russian province bordering on the Baltic sea, where after six years of captivity, he was found and liberated by his uncle. He then became a page to Valdemar and Allogia, king and queen of Novgorod, a government of western Russia, and remained in their service until maturity, when, angered by petty jealousies on the part of some of the nobility, he withdrew to become a viking.

106. Smalson Horn. An inaccessible mountain peak in the southern part of Norway; now called Hornelen.

III. THORA OF RIMOL

"Then the earl went his way with one thrall or slave, called Karker, attending him. . . . He now sends Karker to Thora (his dearest friend in Guldal valley), and begs her to come secretly to him. She did so, and he took it very kind of her, and begged her to conceal him for a few nights until the army of bonders had dispersed. 'Here about my house,' said she, 'you will be hunted after, both inside and outside; for many know that I would willingly help you if I can. There is but one place about the house where they never could expect to find such a man as you, and that is the swine stye.' When they came there the earl said, 'Well, let it be made ready for us; as to

save our life is the first and foremost concern.' The slave dug a great hole in it, bore away the earth that he dug out, and laid wood over it. Then the earl and Karker both went in the hole. Thora covered it with wood, and threw earth over it, and drove the swine upon the top of it. The swine stye was under a great stone.

"Olaf came from sea into the fiord with five long ships. He learned then that the bonders had driven away Earl Hakon, and that he had fled, and his troops were all dispersed. The bonders then met Olaf to the joy of both, and they made an agreement together. The bonders took Olaf to be their king, and resolved, one and all, to seek out Earl Hakon. They went up Guldal; for it seemed to them likely that if the earl was concealed in any house, it must be at Rimol. They come up, therefore and search everywhere, outside and inside the house, but could not find him. Then Olaf held a House Thing or council out in the yard, and stood upon a great stone, which lay beside the swine-stye, and made a speech to the people, in which he promised to enrich the man with rewards and honors who should kill the earl. This speech was heard by the earl and the thrall Karker. There was a little daylight admitted to them.

"'Why art thou so pale,' says the earl, 'and now again black as earth? Thou hast not the intention to betray me?'

"'By no means,' replies Karker.

"'We were born on the same night,' says the earl, 'and the time will be short between our deaths.'

"King Olaf went away in the evening. When night came the earl kept himself awake; but Karker slept and was disturbed in his sleep. The earl woke him and asked him, 'what he was dreaming of?'

"He answered, 'I was at Lade, and Olaf Tryggvesson was laying a gold ring about my neck.'

"The earl says, 'It will be a red ring Olaf will lay about thy neck if he catches thee. Take care of that! From me thou shalt enjoy all that is good, therefore betray me not.'

"They then kept themselves awake both; the one, as it were watching upon the other. But towards day the earl suddenly dropped asleep; but his sleep was so unquiet that he drew his heels under him, and raised his neck, as if going to rise, and screamed dreadfully high. On this Karker, dreadfully alarmed, drew a large knife out of his belt, stuck it in the earl's throat, and cut it across, and killed Earl Hakon. Then Karker cut off the earl's head, and ran away. Late in the day he came to Lade, where he delivered the earl's head to King Olaf, and told all these circumstances of his own and Earl Hakon's doings. Olaf had him taken out and beheaded."

169. Nidarholm. A village in the central part of Norway, a few miles northeast of Trondhjem. Now called Munkholm.

IV. QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

"Queen Sigrid in Sweden, who had for surname the Haughty, sat in her mansion, and during the winter messengers went between King Olaf and Sigrid to propose his courtship to her, and she had no objection; and the matter was fully and fast resolved upon. Thereupon King Olaf sent to Queen Sigrid the great gold ring he had taken from the temple door of Lade which was considered a distinguished ornament. The meeting for concluding the business was appointed to be in spring on the frontier, at the Gotha River. Now the ring which King

Olaf had sent Queen Sigrid was highly prized by all men; yet the queen's goldsmiths, two brothers, who took the ring in their hands, and weighed it, spoke quietly to each other about it, and in a manner that made the queen call them to her, and ask 'what they smiled at?' But they would not say a word, and she commanded them to say what it was they had discovered. Then they said the ring is false. Upon this she ordered the ring to be broken in pieces, and it was found to be copper inside. Then the queen was enraged, and said that Olaf would deceive her in more ways than this one.

"Early in the spring King Olaf went eastwards to the meeting with Queen Sigrid; and when they met the business was considered about which the winter before they had held communication, namely, their marriage; and the business seemed likely to be concluded. But when Olaf insisted that Sigrid should let herself be baptized, she answered thus: 'I must not part from the faith which I have held, and my forefathers before me; and, on the other hand, I shall make no objection to your believing in the god that pleases you best.' Then King Olaf was enraged, and answered in a passion, 'Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, and a heathen jade?' and therewith struck her in the face with his glove which he held in his hands, rose up, and they parted. Sigrid said, 'This may some day be thy death.' The king set off to Viken, the queen to Sweden."

190. Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun. Brynhilda and Gudrun are the principal characters of a German epic poem of a grewsome character written in the thirteenth century.

V. THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

"When spring came King Olaf went out to Viken; and was on visits to his great farms. He sent notice over all Viken that he would call out an army in summer, and proceed to the north parts of the country. Then he went north to Agder; and when Easter was approaching he took the road to Rogaland with three hundred men, and came on Easter evening north to Angvaldsness in Kormt Island, where an Easter feast was prepared for him. That same night came Eyvind Kellda to the island with a well-manned long-ship, of which the whole crew consisted of sorcerers, and other dealers with evil spirits. Eyvind went from his ship to the land with his followers, and there they played many of their pranks of witchcraft. Eyvind clothed them with caps of darkness, and so thick a mist that the king and his men could see nothing of them; but when they came near to the house of Angvaldsness, it became clear day. Then it went differently from what Eyvind had intended; for now there came just such a darkness over him and his comrades in witchcraft as they had made before, so that they could see no more from their eyes than from the back of their heads, but went round and round in a circle upon the island. When the king's watchmen saw them going about, without knowing what people these were, they told the king. Thereupon he rose up with his people, put on his clothes, and when he saw Eyvind with his men wandering about, he ordered his men to arm, and examine what folk these were. The king's men discovered it was Eyvind, took him and all his company prisoners, and brought them to the king. Eyvind now told all he had done on his journey. Then the king ordered them all to be taken out to a skerry,

which was under water in flood tide, and there to be left bound. Eyvind and all with him left their lives on this rock, and the skerry is still called the Skerry of Shrieks."

232. Angvaldsness. A village on the island of Karmt, off the southwestern coast of Norway.

237. Skerry. A reef (Scotch).

275. warlocks. Wizards.

288. Witch of Endor. A female soothsayer to whom King Saul went to learn of his future. See 1 *Samuel* xxviii. 7–25.

VI. THE WRAITH OF ODIN

"It is related that once on a time King Olaf was at a feast at this Angvaldsness, and one eventide there came to him an old man very gifted in words, and with a broad-brimmed hat upon his head. He was one-eyed, and had something to tell of every land. He entered into conversation with the king; and as the king found much pleasure in the guest's speech, he asked him concerning many things, to which the guest gave good answers: and the king sat up late in the evening. Among other things, the king asked him if he knew who the Angvald had been who had given his name both to the ness and to the house. The guest replied, that this Angvald was a king, and a very valiant man, and that he made great sacrifices to a cow which he had with him wherever he went, and considered it good for her health to drink her milk. This same King Angvald had a battle with a king called Varin, in which battle Angvald fell. He was buried under a mound close to the house; 'and there stands his stone over him, and close to it his cow also is laid.' Such and many other things, and ancient events, the king inquired after.

Now, when the king had sat late into the night, the bishop reminded him that it was time to go to bed, and the king did so. But after the king was undressed, and had laid himself in bed, the guest sat upon the footstool before the bed, and still spoke long with the king; for after one tale was ended, he still wanted a new one. Then the bishop observed to the king, it was time to go to sleep, and the king did so; and the guest went out. Soon after the king awoke, asked for the guest, and ordered him to be called; but the guest was not to be found. The morning after, the king ordered his cook and cellar-master to be called, and asked if any strange person had been with them. They said, that as they were making ready the meat a man came to them, and observed that they were cooking very poor meat for the king's table; whereupon he gave them two thick and fat pieces of beef, which they boiled with the rest of the meat. Then the king ordered that all the meat should be thrown away, and said this man can be no other than the Odin whom the heathen have so long worshipped; and added, 'but Odin shall not deceive us.'"

Odin was the chief god of Norse mythology (see introductory note to The Challenge of Thor). He was regarded as the source of wisdom and the promoter of culture. His death was brought about by Fenris, a water-demon, in the form of a gigantic wolf.

329. Dead rides Sir Morton of Fogelsang. The stanzas of old ballads commonly end in a refrain which frequently has no bearing upon the story under consideration. What effect is gained by its introduction?

361. Havamal. Odin's song of triumph.

VII. IRON BEARD

"King Olaf collected a great army in the east of the country towards summer and sailed with it north to Nidaros in the Drontheim country. From thence he sent a message-token over all the fiord, calling the people of eight different districts to a Thing; but the bonders changed the Thing-token into a war-token, and called together all men, free and unfree, in all the Drontheim land. Now when the king met the Thing, the whole people came fully armed. After the Thing was seated, the king spoke, and invited them to adopt Christianity; but he had spoken only a short time when the bonders called out to him to be silent, or they would attack him and drive him away. 'We did so,' said they, 'with Hakon, foster-son of Athelstan, when he brought us the same message, and we held him in quite as much respect as we hold thee.' When King Olaf saw how incensed the bonders were, and that they had such a war force that he could make no resistance, he turned his speech as if he would give way to the bonders, and said, 'I wish only to be in good understanding with you as of old.'

"There was a great bonder called Skiaegge, and sometimes Iron Beard, who dwelt in Ophang in Yriar. He spoke first at the Thing to Olaf; and was the foremost man of the bonders in speaking against Christianity. The Thing was concluded in this way for that time, — the bonders returned home, and the king went to Lade.

"King Olaf returned with all his forces into the Drontheim country; and when he came to Maere all among the chiefs of the Drontheim people who were most opposed to Christianity

were assembled, and had with them all the great bonders who had before made sacrifice at that place. Now the king let the people be summoned to the Thing, where both parties met armed; and when the Thing was seated the king made a speech, in which he told the people to go over to Christianity. Iron Beard replies on the part of the bonders, and says that the will of the bonders is now, as formerly, that the king should not break their laws. 'We want, king,' said he, 'that thou shouldst offer sacrifice, as other kings before thee have done.' All the bonders applauded his speech with a loud shout, and said they would have all things according to what Skiaegge said. Then the king said he would go into the temple of their gods with them, and see what the practices were when they sacrificed. The bonders thought well of this proceeding, and both parties went to the temple.

"Now King Olaf entered into the temple with some few of his men and a few bonders; and when the king came to where their gods were, Thor, as the most considered among their gods, sat there adorned with gold and silver. The king lifted up his gold inlaid ax, which he carried in his hands, and struck Thor so that the image rolled down from its seat. Then the king's men turned to and threw down all the gods from their seats; and while the king was in the temple, Iron Beard was killed outside of the temple doors, and the king's men did it. When the king came forth out of the temple, he offered the bonders two conditions, — that all should accept of Christianity forthwith, or that they should fight with him. But as Iron Beard was killed, there was no leader in the bonders' army to raise the banner against King Olaf; so they took the other condition, to surrender to the king's will and obey his order. Then King Olaf had

all the people present baptized, and took hostages from them for their remaining true to Christianity."

393. Hus-Ting. House Thing, a public meeting, an assembly of householders. **Mere.** A meeting-place near Drontheim (see note on l. 6, King Olaf's Return).

397. Yriar. A district lying near Drontheim.

405. Hodden-gray. Cloth made of wool in its natural state; not dyed (Scotch).

> "What though on hamely fare we dine,
> Wear *hoddin-grey* an' a' that?"
> — BURNS, *Is There for Honest Poverty*, ll. 9–10.

416. Hymer the Giant. In Norse mythology, a water-demon, the giant of the winter sea. He is pictured with his beard covered with ice.

VIII. GUDRUN

"King Olaf appointed a meeting with the relations of Iron Beard, and offered them the compensation or penalty for his bloodshed; for there were many bold men who had an interest in that business. Iron Beard had a daughter called Gudrun; and at last it was agreed upon between the parties that the king should take her in marriage. When the wedding day came King Olaf and Gudrun retired. As soon as Gudrun thought the king was asleep, she drew a knife, with which she intended to run him through; but the king saw it, took the knife from her, and went to his men, and told them what had happened. Gudrun also went away along with the men who had followed her. Gudrun never came into the king's house again."

474. cairn. A heap of stones of a rounded or conical form erected as a sepulchral monument.

490. bodkin. An instrument used to fasten the hair.

IX. THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

"When King Olaf Tryggvesson had been two years king of Norway, there was a Saxon priest in his house who was called Thangbrand, a passionate, ungovernable man, and a great man slayer; but he was a good scholar, and a clever man. The king would not have him in his house upon account of his misdeeds; but gave him the errand to go to Iceland, and bring that land to the Christian faith. The king gave him a merchant vessel; and, as far as we know of this voyage of his, he landed first in Iceland at Ostfiord, in the southern Alftafiord, and passed the winter in the house of Hall of Sidu. Thangbrand proclaimed Christianity in Iceland, and on his persuasion Hall and all his house-people, and many other chiefs, allowed themselves to be baptized; but there were many more who spoke against it. Thorvald Veile and Veterlid the scald composed a satire about Thangbrand; but he killed them both outright. Thangbrand was two years in Iceland, and was the death of three men before he left it."

510. Chrysostome. St. John Chrysostome (347–407), a celebrated father of the Greek Church and writer of many religious books.

519. wassail-bowl. Wassail is a liquor formerly much used on festive occasions, composed of wine or ale, sugar, nutmeg, toast, and roasted apples.

523. malecontent. One who is discontented and who expresses his discontent by words or acts.

544. Altafiord. A fiord in the eastern part of Iceland. Now called Alfta Fiord.

560. shovel hat. A broad brimmed hat, turned up at the sides, and projecting in front like a shovel; worn by clergymen of the English Church.

X. RAUD THE STRONG

"There was a bonder, by name Raud the Strong, who dwelt in Godö Isle in Salten Fiord. Raud was a very rich man, who had many house servants; and likewise was a very powerful man, who had many Laplanders in his service when he wanted them. Raud was a great idolater, and very skilful in witchcraft, and was a great friend of Thorer Hiort. Both were great chiefs. Now when they heard Olaf was coming with a great force from the south, they gathered together an army, ordered out ships, and they too had a great force on foot."

596. Jarls and Thanes. The jarls had the rank of earls, while the thanes were but one rank above the ordinary freeman.

600. Salten Fiord. A fiord in the northwestern part of Norway.

602. Viking. The vikings were roving pirates who plundered the coasts of Europe in the ninth and tenth centuries.

603. Godoe Isles. Islands lying near the mouth of Salten Fiord.

XI. BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD

"King Olaf sailed with his fleet northward along the coast, and baptized all the people among whom he came; and when he came north to Salten Fiord, he intended to sail into it to look for Raud, but a terrible tempest and storm was raging in the

fiord. Then the king applied to Bishop Sigurd, and asked him if he knew any counsel about it; and the bishop said he would try if God would give him power to conquer these arts of the devil.

"Bishop Sigurd took all his mass robes and went forward to the bow of the king's ship; ordered tapers to be lighted, and incense to be brought out. Then he set the crucifix upon the stem of the vessel, read the Evangelist and many prayers, besprinkled the whole ship with holy water, and then ordered the ship-tent to be stowed away, and to row into the fiord. The king ordered all the other ships to follow him. Now when all was ready on board the *Crane* to row, she went into the fiord without the rowers finding any wind; and the sea was curled about their keel track like as in a calm, so quiet and still was the water; yet on each side of them the waves were lashing up so high that they hid the sight of the mountains. And so the one ship followed the other in the smooth sea track; and they proceeded this way the whole day and night, until they reached Godö Isle. Now when they came to Raud's house his great ship, the dragon, was afloat close to the land. King Olaf went up to the house immediately with his people; made an attack on the loft in which Raud was sleeping, and broke it open. The men rushed in; Raud was taken and bound, and of the people with him some were killed and some were made prisoners. Then the king ordered Raud to be brought before him, and offered him baptism. 'And,' says the king, 'I will not take thy property from thee, but rather be thy friend, if thou wilt make thyself worthy to be so.' Raud exclaimed with all his might against the proposal, saying he never would believe in Christ, and making his scoff of God. Then the king was wroth

and said Raud should die the worst of deaths. And the king ordered him to be bound to a beam of wood, with his face uppermost, and a round pin of wood to be set between his teeth to force his mouth open. Then the king ordered an adder to be stuck into the mouth of him; but the serpent would not go into his mouth, but shrunk back when Raud breathed against it. Now the king ordered the hollow branch of an angelica root to be stuck into Raud's mouth; others say, the king put his horn into his mouth, and forced the serpent to go in by holding a red hot iron before the opening. So the serpent crept into the mouth of Raud and down his throat, and gnawed its way out of his side; and thus Raud perished. King Olaf took here much gold and silver, and other property of weapons, and many sorts of precious effects; and all the men who were with Raud he either had baptized, or if they refused had them killed or tortured. Then the king took the dragon-ship which Raud had owned, and steered it himself, for it was a much larger and handsomer vessel than the *Crane*. In front it had a dragon's head, and aft a crook, which turned up, and ended with the figure of the dragon's tail. The carved work on each side of the stem and stern was gilded. This ship the king called the *Serpent*. King Olaf then sailed southwards along the land and returned to Drontheim, and landed at Nidaros, where he took up his winter abode."

640–644. And the sea through all its tide-ways, etc. The Salten Fiord is more celebrated in the north of Norway, and more dreaded than the famous Maelstrom. It is a large fiord within; but the throat through which the vast mass of water has to run in and out at flood and ebb is so narrow, that it makes a very heavy and dangerous race for many miles out at

sea, especially in ebb, when the whole body of water is returning to the ocean. The stream can only be crossed during a few minutes at still water, when flood or ebb has not begun to run, unless at a great distance from the jaws of this singular gulf.

667. John's Apocalypse. *Revelation*, the last book of the Bible, written by St. John.

XII. KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

"As King Olaf one day was walking in the street some men met him, and he who went the foremost saluted the king. The king asked the man his name, and he called himself Halfred.

> " 'Art thou the scald?' said the king.
> " 'I can compose poetry,' replied he. . . .

"The king gave him a sword without a scabbard, and said, 'Compose me a song upon this sword, and let the word sword be in every line of the verses.' Halfred sang thus: —

> " 'This sword of swords is my reward.
> For him who knows to wield a sword,
> And with his sword to serve his lord,
> Yet wants a sword, his lot is hard.
> I would I had my good lord's leave
> For this good sword a sheath to choose:
> I'm worth three swords where men swords use,
> But for the sword-sheath now I grieve!'

"Then the king gave him the scabbard, observing that the word sword was wanting in one line of his strophe. 'But there are three swords at least in two other lines,' says Halfred. 'So it is,' replies the king."

717. Yule-tide. Christmas time.

720. Berserks. Fierce warriors of heathen times in Scandinavia.

746. Quern-biter of Hakon the Good. Quern-biter was the name of a famous sword belonging to Hakon the Good, hero of the saga known by his name.

749. Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong. Foot-breadth was the name of the sword with which Thoralf the Strong fought against Hakon the Good. Thoralf was defeated and slain.

792. Was-hael! Your health!

XIII. THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

"The winter after King Olaf came from Halogaland, he had a great vessel built at Ladehammer, which was larger than any ship in the country, and of which the beam-knees are still to be seen. The length of the keel that rested upon the grass was seventy-four ells. Thorberg Skafting was the man's name who was the master-builder of the ship; but there were many others besides, — some to fell wood, some to shape it, some to make nails, some to carry timber; and all that was used was of the best. The ship was both long and broad and high-sided, and strongly timbered. While they were planking the ship, it happened that Thorberg had to go home to his farm upon some urgent business; and as he remained there a long time, the ship was planked upon both sides when he came back. In the evening the king went out, and Thorberg with him, to see how the vessel looked, and everybody said that never was seen so large and so beautiful a ship of war. Then the king returned to town. Early next morning the king returns again to the ship, and Thorberg with him. The carpenters were there before them, but all were standing idle with their arms across.

The king asked 'what was the matter?' They said the ship was destroyed; for some one had gone from stem to stern, and cut one deep notch after the other down the one side of the planking. When the king came nearer he saw it was so, and said, with an oath, 'The man shall die who has thus destroyed the vessel out of envy, if he can be discovered, and I shall bestow a great reward on whoever finds him out.'

"'I can tell you, king,' says Thorberg, 'who has done this piece of work.'

"'I don't think,' replies the king, 'that any one is so likely to find it out as thou art.'

"Thorberg says, 'I will tell you, king, who did it. I did it myself.'

"The king says, 'Thou must restore it all to the same condition as before, or thy life shall pay for it.'

"Then Thorberg went and chipped the planks until the deep notches were all smoothed and made even with the rest; and the king and all present declared that the ship was much handsomer on the side of the hull which Thorberg had chipped, and bade him shape the other side in the same way, and gave him great thanks for the improvement. Afterwards Thorberg was the master-builder of the ship until she was entirely finished. The ship was a dragon, built after the one the king had captured in Halogaland; but this ship was far larger, and more carefully put together in all her parts. The king called this ship *Serpent the Long*, and the other *Serpent the Short*. The *Long Serpent* had thirty-four benches for rowers. The head and the arched tail were both gilt, and the bulwarks were as high as in sea-going ships. This ship was the best and most costly ship ever made in Norway."

821. orgies. Drunken revelries.

841. keel to carling. The keel is the principal timber in a ship, extending from stem to stern at the bottom and supporting the whole frame. The carling is a timber directly over the keel, serving as a foundation for the body of the ship.

854. ells. An ell is a measure ranging from eighteen to forty-five inches in length, according to the country in which it is used. The Scandinavian ell is about twenty-three inches.

XIV. THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

"The king ordered the *Long Serpent* to be put into the water, along with all his other ships. He himself steered the *Long Serpent*. When the crews were taken out for the ships, they were so carefully selected that no man on board the *Long Serpent* was older than sixty or younger than twenty years, and all were men distinguished for strength and courage.

"Ulf Rode was the name of the man who bore King Olaf's banner, and was in the forecastle of the *Long Serpent;* and with him was Kiolbiorn the marshal, and Vikar of Tinndaland, and Thorstein Oxefod, brothers of Arnliot Gellina. By the bulkhead next the forecastle were Vakur Elfski Raumason, Birse Bollason the Strong, An Skyti from Jemteland, Thrand Rame from Thelemark, and his brother Uthysmer. In the hold next the mast were Einar Tambarskelver, Halstein Hlifarson, Thorolf Ivar Smette, and Orm Skoganef. Many other valiant men were in the *Serpent*, although we cannot tell all their names. In every half-division of the hold were eight men, and each and all chosen men; and in the forehold were thirty men. It was a common saying among the people that the *Long Serpent's* crew

was as distinguished for bravery, strength, and daring, among other men, as the *Long Serpent* was distinguished among other ships."

939. Old King Gorm. A Danish king who lived in the last part of the ninth and first part of the tenth centuries. He was the first ruler of united Denmark. **Blue-Tooth Harold.** A son of the King Gorm and his successor to the Danish crown.

XV. A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

"When Earl Sigvalde came to Vendland, Burislief, the king of the Vends, held his wedding with Thyri, a sister of King Svein, and received her in marriage; but as long as she was among heathens she would neither eat nor drink with them, and this lasted for seven days.

"It happened one night the Queen Thyri ran away in the dark, and into the woods, and came at last to Denmark. But there she did not dare to remain, and went on secretly to Norway, and never stayed her journey until she fell in with King Olaf, by whom she was kindly received. Thyri related to the king her sorrows, and entreated his advice in her need, and protection in his kingdom. Thyri was a well-spoken woman, and the king had pleasure in her conversation. He saw she was a handsome woman, and it came into his mind that she would be a good match; so he turns the conversation that way, and asks if she will marry him. She bade him to dispose himself of her hand and fate, and King Olaf took Thyri in marriage."

945. garrulous. Loquacious, talkative.

959. wœald. A wood or forest. **wold.** A plain, or open country.

XVI. QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

"The following spring Queen Thyri complained often to King Olaf, and wept bitterly over it, that she who had so great property in Venland had no goods or possessions here in the country that was suitable for a queen; and sometimes she would entreat the king with fine words to get her property restored to her, and saying that King Burislaf was so great a friend of King Olaf that he would not deny King Olaf anything if they were to meet. But when King Olaf's friends heard of such speeches, they dissuaded him from any such expedition. It is related that the king one day early in the spring was walking in the street, and met a man in the market with many, and for that early season, remarkably large angelica roots. The king took a great stalk of the angelica in his hand, and went home to Queen Thyri's lodging. Thyri sat in her room weeping as the king came in. The king said, 'See here, queen, is a great angelica stalk, which I give thee.' She threw it away, and said, 'A greater present Harold Gormson gave to my mother; and he was not afraid to go out of the land and take his own. That was shown when he came to Norway, and laid waste the greater part of the land and seized all the scatt and revenues; and thou darest not go across the Danish dominions for this brother of mine King Swend.' As she spoke thus, King Olaf sprang up, and answered with a loud oath, 'Never did I fear thy brother King Swend, and if we meet he shall give way before me!'

"The king made ready in all haste to leave the country with his army, which was both great and made up of fine men. When he left the land and sailed southwards, he had sixty ships of

war, with which he sailed past Denmark, and in through the Sound, and on to Venland. He appointed a meeting with King Burislaf; and when the kings met, they spoke about the property which King Olaf demanded, and the conference went off peaceably, as a good account was given of the properties which King Olaf thought himself entitled to there. He passed here much of the summer, and found many of his old friends.

988. Drottning Thyri. Queen Thyri.

1003. Angelicas. Angelica is a fragrant aromatic plant found in damp places in Europe.

1023. King Harold Gormson. See note on l. 937 under Blue-Tooth Harold.

1028. scatt. Tribute money.

1031. Vendland. The southern shores of the Baltic. To reach it by water from Norway a vessel must pass through a strait known as "The Sound."

XVII. KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

"The Danish king, Swend Forked Beard, was married to Sigrid the Haughty. Sigrid was King Olaf's greatest enemy; the cause of which, as before said, was that King Olaf had broken off with her and had struck her in the face. She urged King Swend much to give battle to King Olaf; saying that he had reason enough, as Olaf had married his sister Thyri without his leave, 'and that your predecessors would not have submitted to.' Such persuasions Sigrid had often in her mouth; and at last she brought it so far that Swend resolved firmly on doing so. Early in spring King Swend sent messengers eastward into Sweden, to his brother-in-law Olaf, the Swedish king, and to

Earl Eric ; and informed them that King Olaf of Norway was levying men for an expedition, and intended in summer to go to Vendland. To this news the Danish king added an invitation to the Swedish king and Earl Eric to meet King Swend with an army, so that altogether they might make an attack on King Olaf. The Swedish king and Earl Eric were ready enough for this, and immediately assembled a great fleet and an army through all Sweden, with which they sailed southwards to Denmark, and arrived there before King Olaf had sailed to the eastward. The Swedish king and Earl Eric sailed to meet the Danish king, and they had all when together an immense force."

1084. Isle of Svald. No such island now exists. It is thought to have disappeared in the fourteenth century, when great changes took place in the Baltic region.

1101. frontlet. Frowning brow.

1125. Lapland. An extensive territory in the northern part of Europe between Norway and the White Sea. **Finmark.** The northernmost province of Norway.

1130. Earl Sigvald. A brother-in-law of King Olaf's wife Geira and an earl of King Svend of Denmark.

1145. Stet-haven. A bay in the northern part of Germany, into which the Oder River flows and upon whose southern shore is the city of Stettin.

XVIII. KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

"At the same time that King Swend sent a message to Sweden for an army, he sent Earl Sigvald to Vendland to spy out King Olaf's proceedings, and to bring it about by cunning devices that King Swend and King Olaf should fall in with

each other. So Sigvald sets out to go to Vendland. First, he came to Jomsburg, and then he sought out King Olaf. There was much friendship in their conversation, and the earl got himself in great favor with the king. At last Earl Sigvald got a secret message from Denmark that the Swedish king's army was arrived from the east, and that Earl Eric's also was ready; and that all these chiefs had resolved to sail eastwards to Vendland, and wait for King Olaf at an island which is called Svald. They also desired the earl to contrive matters so that they should meet King Olaf there.

"Then came first a flying report to Vendland that the Danish king, Swend, had fitted out an army; and it was soon whispered that he intended to attack King Olaf. But Earl Sigvald says to King Olaf, 'It never can be King Swend's intention to venture with the Danish force alone, to give battle to thee with such a powerful army; but if thou hast any suspicion that evil is afoot, I will follow thee with my force, and I will give thee eleven manned ships.' The king accepted this offer; and as the light breeze of wind that came was favorable, he ordered the ships to get under weigh, and the war-horns to sound the departure. The sails were hoisted; and all the small vessels, sailing fastest, got out to sea before the others. The earl, who sailed nearest to the king's ship, called to those on board to tell the king to sail in his keel-track: 'For I know where the water is deepest between the islands, and in the sounds, and these large ships require the deepest.' Then the earl sailed first with his eleven ships, and the king followed with his large ships, also eleven in number; but the whole of the rest of the fleet sailed out to sea. Now when Earl Sigvald came sailing close under the island Svald, a skiff rowed out to inform the earl that the

Danish king's army was lying in the harbor before them. Then the earl ordered the sails of his vessels to be struck, and they rowed in under the island. It is said that King Olaf and Earl Sigvald had seventy sail of vessels and one more, when they sailed from the south."

XIX. KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"When the king sailed in towards the isle, the whole enemies' fleet came rowing within them out to the Sound. When Olaf's ship commanders saw this they begged the king to hold on his way, and not risk battle with so great a force. The king replied, high on the quarterdeck where he stood, 'Strike the sails, never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life, but flight I shall never take.' It was done as the king commanded.

"King Olaf ordered the war-horns to sound for all his ships to close up to each other. The king's ship lay in the middle of the line, and on one side lay the *Little Serpent*, and on the other the *Crane;* and as they made fast the stems together, the *Long Serpent's* stem and the *Short Serpent's* were made fast together; but when the king saw it he called out to his men, and ordered them to lay the larger ship more in advance, so that its stern should not lie so far behind in the fleet.

"Then says Ulf the Red, 'If the *Long Serpent* is to lie as much more ahead of the other ships as she is longer than them, we shall have hard work of it here on the forecastle.'

"The king replies, 'I did not think I had a forecastle man afraid as well as red.'

"Says Ulf, 'Defend thou the quarterdeck as I shall the forecastle.'

"The king had a bow in his hands, and laid an arrow on the string, and aimed it at Ulf.

"Ulf said, 'Shoot another way, king, where it is more needful: my work is thy gain.'

"King Olaf stood on the *Serpent's* quarterdeck, high over the others. He had a gilt shield, and a helmet inlaid with gold; over his armor he had a short red coat, and was easy to be distinguished from other men. When King Olaf saw that the scattered forces of the enemy gathered themselves together under the banners of their ships, he asked, 'Who is the chief of the force right opposite to us?'

"He was told it was King Swend with the Danish army.

"The king replies, 'We are not afraid of these soft Danes, for there is no bravery in them; but who are the troops on the right of the Danes?'

"He was answered that it was King Olaf with the Swedish forces.

"'Better it were,' said King Olaf, 'for these Swedes to be sitting at home killing their sacrifices, than to be venturing under our weapons from the *Long Serpent*. But who owns the large ships on the larboard side of the Danes?'

"'That is Earl Eric Hakonson,' say they.

"The king replied, 'He, methinks, has good reason for meeting us; and we may expect the sharpest conflict with these men, for they are Norsemen like ourselves.'

"The kings now laid out their oars, and prepared to attack. King Swend laid his ship against the *Long Serpent*. Outside of him Olaf the Swede laid himself, and set his ship's stem against the outermost ship of King Olaf's line; and on the other side lay Earl Eric. Then a hard combat began."

1197. brume. Mist, fog.

1200. Regnarock. The time of the destruction of the universe. The word is commonly written Ragnarök.

XX. EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

"Einar Tambarskelver, one of the sharpest of bow-shooters, stood by the mast, and shot with his bow. Einar shot an arrow at Eric, which hit the tiller-end just above the earl's head so hard that it entered the wood up to the arrow-shaft. The earl looked that way, and asked if they knew who had shot; and at the same moment another arrow flew between his hand and his side, and into the stuffing of the chief's stool, so that the barb stood far out on the other side. Then said the earl to a man called Fin, — but some say he was of Finn (Laplander) race, and was a superior archer, — 'Shoot that tall man by the mast.' Fin shot; and the arrow hit the middle of Einar's bow just at the moment that Einar was drawing it, and the bow was split in two parts.

"'What is that,' cried King Olaf, 'that broke with such a noise?'

"'Norway, king, from thy hands,' cried Einar.

"'No! not quite so much as that,' says the king; 'take my bow, and shoot,' flinging the bow to him.

"Einar took the bow, and drew it over the head of the arrow. 'Too weak, too weak,' said he, 'for the bow of a mighty king!' and throwing the bow aside, he took sword and shield, and fought valiantly."

1266. Eyvind Skaldaspiller. A Scandinavian poet of whom but little is known. His chief work is the poem, *Haleygratal*, which deals with Hakon the Great.

1297. assay. Trial, attempt (obsolete).

1302. Kämper. Battle, fight.

1310–1311. Like St. Michael overthrowing, etc. See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Bk. VI, ll. 320–343.

XXI. KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

"Now the fight became hot indeed, and many men fell on board the *Serpent;* and the men on board of her began to be thinned off, and the defence to be weaker. The earl resolved to board the *Serpent* again, and again he met with a warm reception. When the forecastle men of the *Serpent* saw what he was doing, they went aft and made a desperate fight; but so many men of the *Serpent* had fallen, that the ship's sides were in many places quite bare of defenders; and the earl's men poured in all around into the vessel, and all the men who were still able to defend the ship crowded aft to the king, and arrayed themselves for his defence.

"Kolbiorn the marshal, who had on clothes and arms like the king's, and was a remarkably stout and handsome man, went up to the king on the quarterdeck. The battle was still going on fiercely even in the forehold. But as many of the earl's men had now got into the *Serpent* as could find room, and his ships lay all around her, and few were the people left in the *Serpent* for defence against so great a force; and in a short time most of the *Serpent's* men fell, brave and stout though they were. King Olaf and Kolbiorn the marshal both sprang overboard, each on his own side of the ship; but the earl's men had laid out boats around the *Serpent*, and killed those who leaped overboard. Now when the king had sprung overboard, they

tried to seize him with their hands, and bring him to Earl Eric; but King Olaf threw his shield over his head, and sank beneath the waters. Kolbiorn held his shield behind him to protect himself from the spears cast at him from the ships which lay round the *Serpent*, and he fell so upon his shield that it came under him, so that he could not sink so quickly. He was thus taken and brought into a boat, and they supposed he was the king. He was brought before the earl; and when the earl saw it was Kolbiorn, and not the king, he gave him life.

"Earl Sigvald, as before related, came from Vendland in company with King Olaf with ten ships; but the eleventh ship was manned with the men of Astrid, the king's daughter, the wife of Earl Sigvald. Now when King Olaf sprang overboard, the whole army raised a shout of victory; and then Earl Sigvald and his men put their oars in the water and rowed towards the battle. But the Vendland cutter, in which Astrid's men were, rowed back to Vendland; and the report went immediately abroad, and was told by many, that King Olaf had cast off his coat of mail under water, and had swam, diving under the long ships, until he came to the Vendland cutter, and that Astrid's men had conveyed him to Vendland. But however this may have been, King Olaf Tryggvesson never came back again to his kingdom of Norway."

1314. assuaged. Appeased.

1343. forests of Orkadale. The forests along the Orka River, a small stream in the central part of Norway.

1370. sea-kale. Sea cabbage.

XXII. THE NUN OF NIDAROS

As stated before, this part is original with the poet (see introductory note to the saga). What do you think was Longfellow's purpose in adding it to the story told by Snorro Sturleson?

INTERLUDE

26. Calvin. A celebrated Protestant theologian and reformer (1509–1564). He set forth a system of religious doctrines, including predestination, total depravity, particular redemption, etc., which has exerted a wide influence among the Protestant churches.

27. Athanasian creeds. St. Athanasius (297–373), a distinguished theologian known as the "Father of Orthodoxy," was the first great defender of the doctrine of "the essential divinity of Christ as coequal in substance with the Father." The doctrine is included in the creeds of the Roman, Greek, and English churches.

28. holy water, books, and beads. Symbols of the Catholic church.

34. litanies. Series of supplications for mercy and deliverance used in public worship.

35. yonder Pharisee. The Pharisees were a sect or party among the ancient Jews whose assumptions of sanctity led them to separate themselves as a special school. Hence, as here, any insincere or ostentatious formalist in religion.

40–47. Not to one church alone, but seven, etc. See *Revelation* ii, iii.

48–49. Ah! to how many Faith has been, etc. "Now faith

is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." *Hebrews* xi. 1.

51. creed of the Phantasiasts. The Phantasiasts, a religious sect that rose in the second century, believed that Christ did not have a physical body, such as an ordinary human being possesses, but that his was ethereal, or, at least, immaterial. This led them to maintain that he acted and suffered only in appearance.

61. Old Fuller's saying. Thomas Fuller, an English minister of the seventeenth century, whose sayings are still extant.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

TORQUEMADA

This poem is based on a legend found in De Castro's *Espaniola Protestantes*, a work treating of the persecution of Spanish Protestants during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Torquemada, as head of the inquisition, was the chief persecutor. In sixteen years he put between nine and ten thousand persons to death by burning at the stake. The following story is told as an illustration of the influence of his fanatical zeal.

"To such an extremity did the ferocity of some Catholics extend in the destruction of Lutherans that in 1581 a gentleman from Valladolid denounced to the Holy Office his two daughters as professing the reformed religion. Wishing to convert them to Catholicism, he contrived, — owing to the great confidence the inquisitor had in his passion, — to have them removed from the prison of the inquisition to his home. There, with the aid of some priests and friars, he tried to turn away their minds from what he believed to be false doctrine; but they were firm in the Protestant faith, and his efforts were fruitless.

"Burning with rage to see that his entreaties, as well as his threats and persecutions, were in vain, he took them back to the inquisition and told the judges that they still defended the reformed faith with the greatest obstinacy. Finally, on their father's solicitation, these wretched girls were sentenced to be burned. This proud old man, indignant that his blood should be contaminated by Lutheran principles, and overpowered by a fanatical monomania, went to a forest on his own estate to gather branches with which to feed the flames which were to consume his own children. He returned with these spoils from the woods to Valladolid and gave them to the inquisition. The judges praised his magnanimity, and set him up as an example to be imitated by all, rich and poor, who wished to spread and serve that faith which they thought they were protecting by the flames.

"But he was not satisfied with having cut the wood; spurred on by the applause of his friends, both lay and spiritual, and aiming to spread greater terror through Valladolid, he even begged to be the slayer of his own flesh and blood. After having thrown his own daughters into the dreadful cells of the inquisition, and brought his own wood with which to make the burning pile, he asked the inquisitors' permission to kindle with his own hand the flames which were to consume them. The inquisitors, who saw in this barbarous wretch a model of slaves, received his request most graciously, and in order to exalt their faith, proclaimed with cymbals and trumpets not only his inhuman request, but also their permission to carry it out. The unhappy girls were therefore burned at Valladolid in 1581."

1. **Ferdinand.** Ferdinand V (1452–1516), surnamed "The

Catholic"; king of Castile and founder of the Spanish monarchy.

2. Isabella. Isabella I (1451–1504), also surnamed "The Catholic"; wife of Ferdinand and queen of Castile.

5. Valladolid. Capital city of Valladolid province in the northwestern part of Spain.

6. Moated. Surrounded by trenches filled with water.

8. Hidalgo. A Spanish nobleman of the lowest rank. **taciturn.** Reserved.

22. Ephesus. An ancient city in the western part of Asia Minor, which contained, among other famous buildings, an immense amphitheatre in which gladiatorial combats were fought, the gladiators fighting at times with each other and at other times with wild animals. See 1 *Corinthians* xv. 32.

23. Lent. A fast of forty days, beginning with Ash-Wednesday and continuing until Easter, observed by many churches as commemorative of the fast of Jesus.

25. Corpus Christi (body of Christ). A festival of the Roman Catholic church, kept on the Thursday following Trinity Sunday in honor of the eucharist. It is celebrated with great ceremony, many persons taking part.

26. Palm Sunday. The Sunday before Easter; so called in commemoration of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the people strewed palm branches in the way. See *John* xii. 13.

125. the mystic horn. Torquemeda kept a reputed unicorn's horn with him for protection against poison.

129-133. when Abraham of old, etc. See *Genesis* xxii.

157–160. Now all the leaves had fallen, etc. Note how the poet makes nature agree with the mood of the story.

160. ravens. Birds of ill-omen.

> "The *raven* himself is hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."
> —SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. 5.

INTERLUDE

21. The Italian Tales that you disdain. See ll. 7–19, Interlude following The Student's Tale.

22. Straparole. Straparole, or Straparola, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century; best known by a collection of stories commonly called *Straparola's Nights*. The stories are told on separate nights by a party of ladies and gentlemen gathered at Venice.

23. Machiavelli's Belphagor. A humorous tale told by Machiavelli (1469–1527), an eminent statesman and author, in which Belphagor, an arch-fiend, meets with some diverting experiences while on earth.

THE POET'S TALE

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

As suggested earlier in the text, the plot of this story was original with the poet (see p. xvii, Introduction). The tale is a happy conclusion to the series. The blithe beauty of the style, the light, humorous character portrayal, the joyful singing of the birds, whose cause has been vindicated, make it one of the most attractive of Longfellow's poems, a fitting close for the serious, and at times, dark tales that come before. The scene

of the story is laid at Killingworth, a village in the southern part of Connecticut.

2. merle. Blackbird. **mavis.** Throstle or song-thrush.

3. His hand. The hand of God.

4. Saxon Cædmon. An Anglo-Saxon poet of the seventh century. He wrote metrical paraphrases of many parts of the Bible, giving much attention to the books of *Genesis*, *Exodus*, and *Daniel*.

11–12. The sparrows chirped, etc. "Yea, the *sparrow* hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." *Psalms* lxxxiv. 3. Also see *Matthew* x. 31, and *Luke* xii. 7.

15. Knowing who hears the ravens cry. "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." *Psalms* cxlvii. 9. Also see *Job* xxxviii. 41.

17. Sound. Long Island Sound. Killingworth is about ten miles from its northern shore. See introductory note.

25. jocund. Merry, cheerful.

> "Night's candles are burnt out and *jocund* day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."
> — SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, Sc. 5.

30. Cassandra. A Greek prophetess, daughter of Priam, king of Troy. She predicted the overthrow of the Trojans and the destruction of their city. **prognosticating.** Prophesying, foretelling.

35–37. Of these marauders, etc. The birds, instead of demanding a ransom in money, as marauders ordinarily do, took what they wished from the gardens and corn-fields.

42. fluted columns. Columns ornamented by a series of grooves or furrows.

43. The Squire came forth, etc. Beginning with the Squire, note the poet's amusing characterization of the different persons introduced.

52. Edwards on the Will. Jonathan Edwards (1703–1758), an eminent American theologian and metaphysician who gave much attention to literature. His most celebrated work is an *Essay on the Freedom of the Will*, a treatise discussing and condemning the popular notions of the day on that subject.

67. bombazine. A fine twilled fabric with silk warp and worsted filling.

88–90. Plato, anticipating the Reviewers, etc. Plato (429–347 B.C.), a famous Greek philosopher, author of many philosophical works, chief among which is the *Republic*, which has to do with an ideal state or community, advocated a strict censorship over poets. In this way, according to l. 88, he anticipated the reviewers or critics of modern times, who by their unjust criticisms have driven many authors to abandon literature.

93. Troubadours. A class of lyric poets that flourished in southern France and northern Italy from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. They sang chiefly of love and valor. Here, of course, the birds are referred to.

96. as David did for Saul. A reference to the time when Saul, king of Israel, being afflicted by an evil spirit, was healed by David's harp. See I *Samuel* xvi. 14–23. Also read Browning's *Saul*.

124. madrigals. Simple little songs.

140. hurdy-gurdies. Stringed instruments, lutelike in shape,

whose strings are vibrated by resined wheels turned by cranks and shortened at will by keys operated by the fingers. Here used in a figurative sense.

142. roundelay. A simple, rural song which is short and lively.

143. field-fares. Thrushes.

179. fusillade. Simultaneous discharge of fire-arms.

184. St. Bartholomew. On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, a massacre of Huguenots occurred at Paris, France, between twenty and thirty thousand being slain. Since then the name has been applied to any indiscriminate slaughter.

193. Devoured by worms, like Herod. "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of *worms,* and gave up the ghost." *Acts* xii. 23.

229. canticles. Little songs.

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